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A 29

THE SECOND BOOKE of Songs or Ayres,

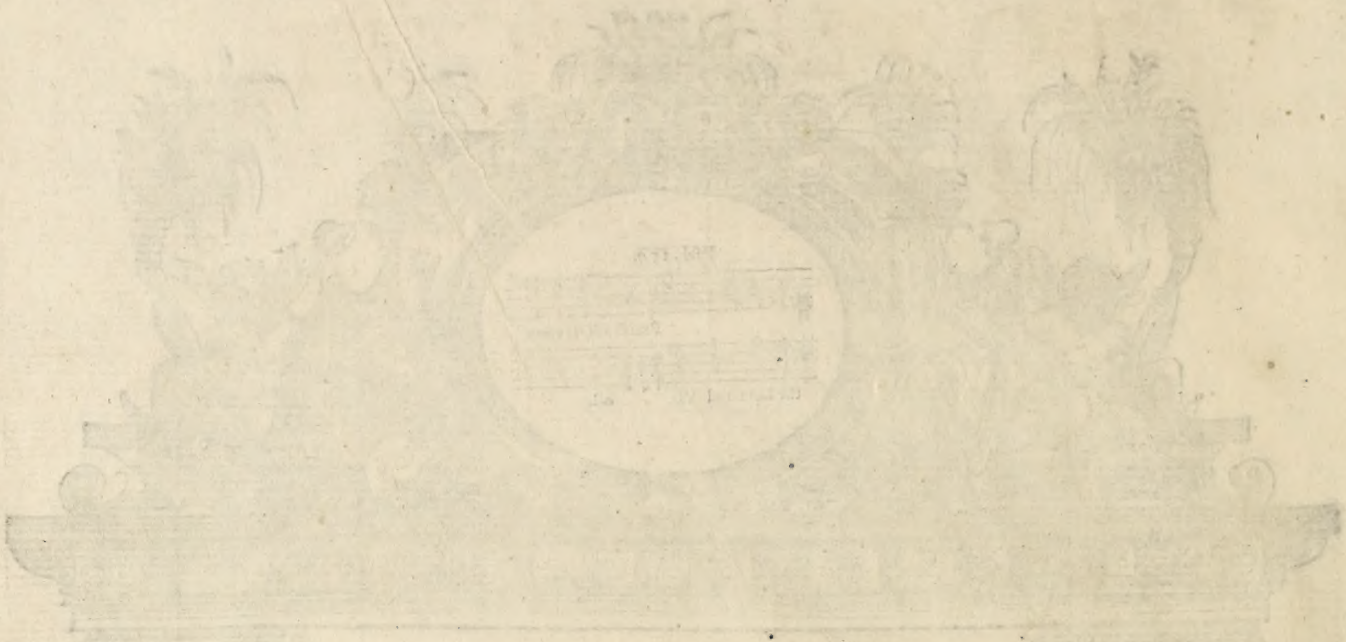
of 2.4. and 5. parts:

With Tableture for the Lute or Orpherian, with the Violl *de Gamba.*

Composed by *IOHN DOWLAND* Batcheler of Musick, and Luteniſt to the King of Denmark: Alſo an excelent leſſon for the Lute and Baſe Viol, called *Dowlands adew.*

Publiſhed by George Eaſtland, and are to be ſould at his houſe neere the greene Dragon and Sword, in Fleetſtreete.

LONDON:
Printed by Thomas Eſte,
the aſsigne of Thomas
Morley, 1600.



Josiah H. Benton, Ed.
Nov. 24, 1939
CA
2 vols
** G.400.52

TO THE RIGHT

Honorable the Lady Lucie

Compteſſe of BEDFORD.

EXcellent Ladie: I ſend vnto your La: from the Court of a forreine Prince, this volume of my ſecond labours: as to the worthieſt Patroneſſe, of Muſicke: which is the Nobleſt of all Sciences: for the whole frame of Nature, is nothing but Harmonie, as wel in ſoules, as bodies: And becauſe I am now remoued from your ſight, I will ſpeake boldly, that your La: ſhall be vnthankfull to Nature hir ſelfe, if you doe not loue, & defend that Art, by which, ſhe hath giuen you ſo well tuned a minde.

Your Ladiſhip hath in your ſelfe, an excellent agreement of many vertues, of which: though I admire all, Yet I am bound by my profeſsion, to giue eſpeciall honor, to your knowledge of Muſicke: which in the iudgement of ancient times, was ſo proper an excelencie to Wœmen, that the Muſes tooke their name from it, and yet ſo rare, that the world durſt imagin but nine of them.

I moſt humby beſeech your La: to receiue this worke, into your fauour: and the rather, becauſe it commeth far to beg it, of you. From Helſingnoure in Denmarke the firſt of Iune.

1600.

Your Ladiſhips

in all humble deuotion:

Iohn Dowland.

To the right Noble and Vertuous Ladie, Lucie Compteſſe of BEDFORD.

G. Eaſtland. To I. Dowlands Lute.

LVte ariſe and charme the aire,
Vntill a thouſand formes ſhee beare,
Coniure them all that they repaire,
Into the circles of hir eare,
Euer to dwell in concord there,

By this thy tunes may haue acceſſe,
Euen to hir ſpirit whoſe flowring treaſure,
Doth ſweeteſt Harmonie expreſſe,
Filling all eares and hearts with pleaſure
On earth, obſeruing heauenly meaſure,
Right well can ſhee Iudge and defend them,
Doubt not of that for ſhee can mend them.

To the curteous Reader.

GEntlemen, if the conſideration of mine owne eſtate, or the true worth of mony, had preuailed with me, aboue the deſire of pleaſuring you, and ſhewing my loue to my friend, this ſecond labours of Maiſter Dowland, (whoſe very name is a large preface of commendacions to the booke,) had for euer laine hid in darkneſſe, or at the leaſt frozen in a colde and forreine country. I aſſure you that both my charge and paines in publiſhing it, hath exceeded ordinary, yet thus much I haue to aſſure mee of requitall, that neither the work is ordinary, nor are your iudgements ordinary to whom I preſent it, ſo that I haue no reaſon but to hope for good inereaſe in my labours, eſpecially of your good fauours toward mee, which of all things I moſt eſteeme. Which if I finde in this, I meane ſhortly (God willing) to ſet at liberty for your ſeruice, a priſoner taken at *Cales*, who if hee diſcouers not ſomething (in matter of Muſicke) worthy your knowledge, let the reputation of my iudgement in Muſicke aunſwere it. In the meane time, I commend my abſent friend to your remembrance, and my ſelfe to your fauorable conceits.

George Eaſtland.

From my houſe neere the greene Dragon and ſword in Fleetſtreet.

A TABLE OF ALL
the Songs contained in this BOOKE.

Songs to two voices.

I ſaw my Lady weepe: I
Flow my teares fall from your ſprings: II
Sorow ſorow ſtay, lend true repentant teares: III
Dye not before thy day: IIII
Mourne, mourne, day is with darkneſſe fled: V
Tymes eldeſt ſonne, old age the heire of eaſe: Firſt part. VI
Then ſit thee downe, & ſay thy *Nunc demittis*: Second part. VII
When others ſings *Venite exultemus*: Third part. VIII

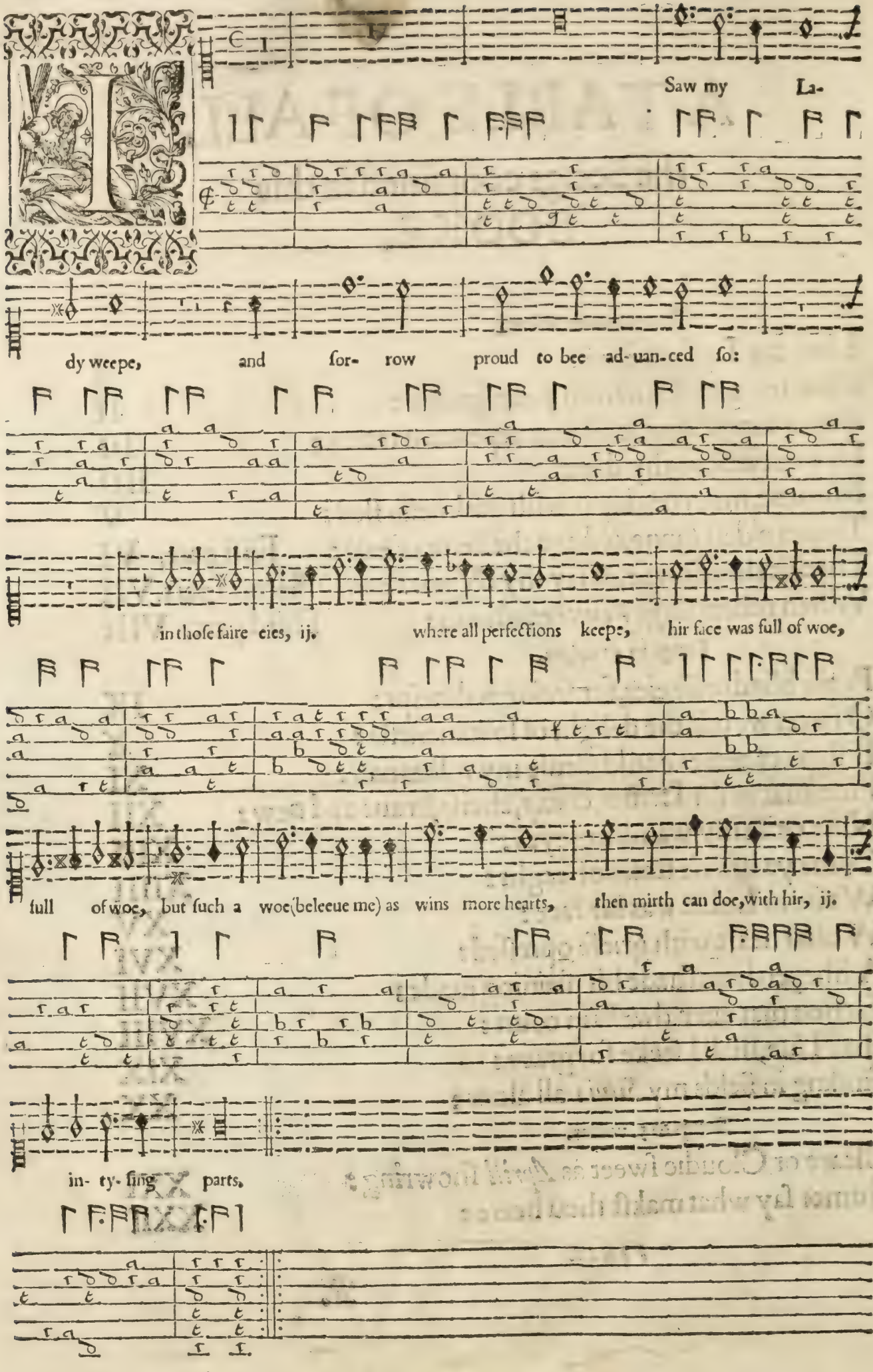
Songs to 4. voices.

Praiſe blindneſſe eies, for ſeeing is deceipt: IX
O ſweet woods, the delight of ſolitarieneſſe: X
If fluds of teares could clenſe my follies paſt: XI
Fine knacks for Ladies, cheap, choiſe, braue and new: XII
Now ceaſe my wandring eyes: XIII
Come ye heauie ſtates of night: XIIII
White as Lillies was hir face: XV
Wofull heart with griefe opreſſed: XVI
A Sheperd in a ſhade his plaining made: XVII
Faction that euer dwells in court: XVIII
Shall I ſue, ſhall I ſeeke for grace: XIX
Finding in fields my *Siluia* all alone: XX

Songs to 5. voices.

Cleare or Cloudie ſweet as *Aprill* ſhowring: XXI
Humor ſay what makſt thou heere: XXII

FINIS.



Sorow was there made faire,
And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdome rare,
Shee made hir sighes to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse moue,
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue.

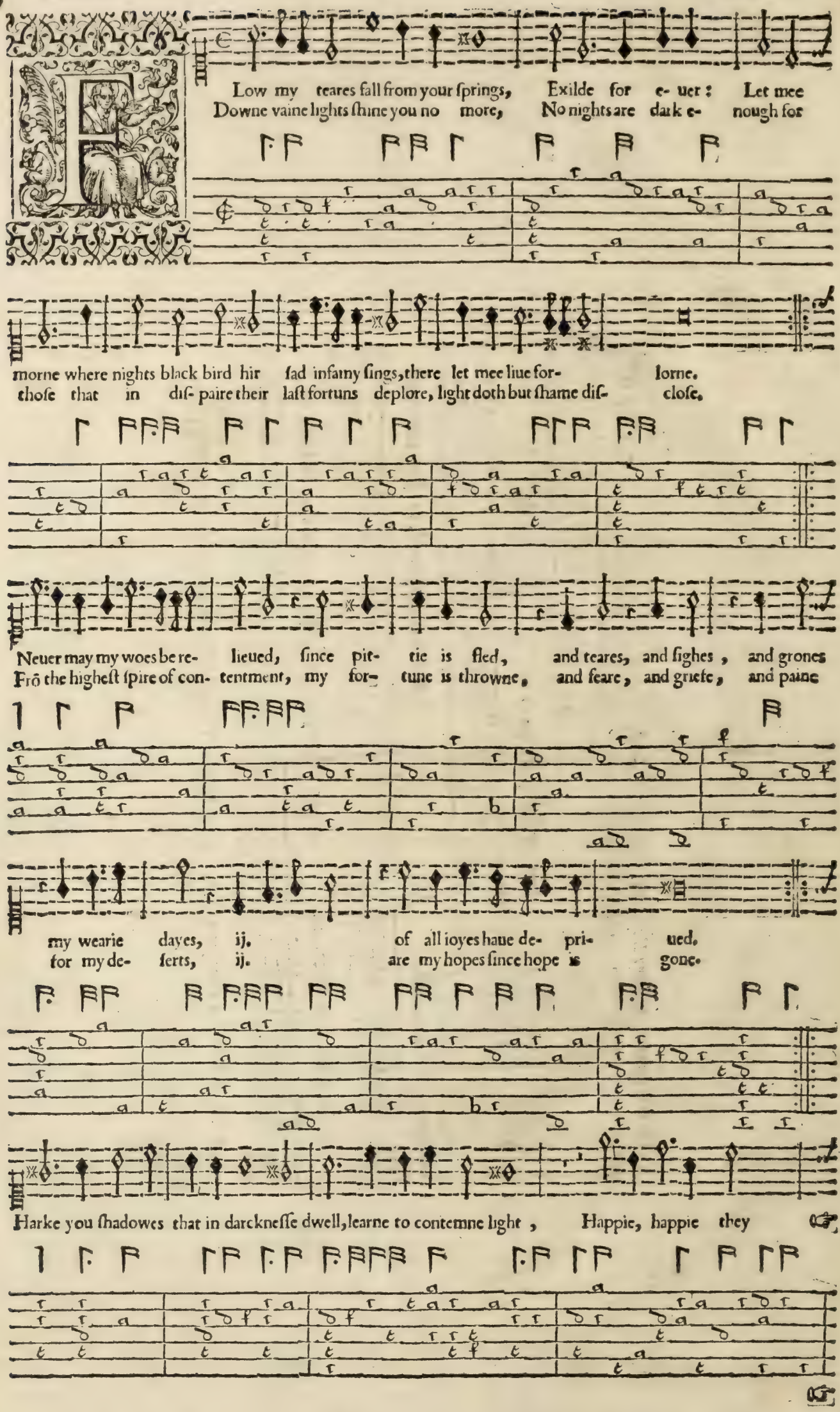
O fayrer then ought ells,
The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,
Inough, inough, your ioyfull lookes excells,
Teares kills the heart belieue,
O striue not to bee excellent in woe,
Which onely breeds your beauties ouerthrow.

ſaw my Lady weep, ii. ij.

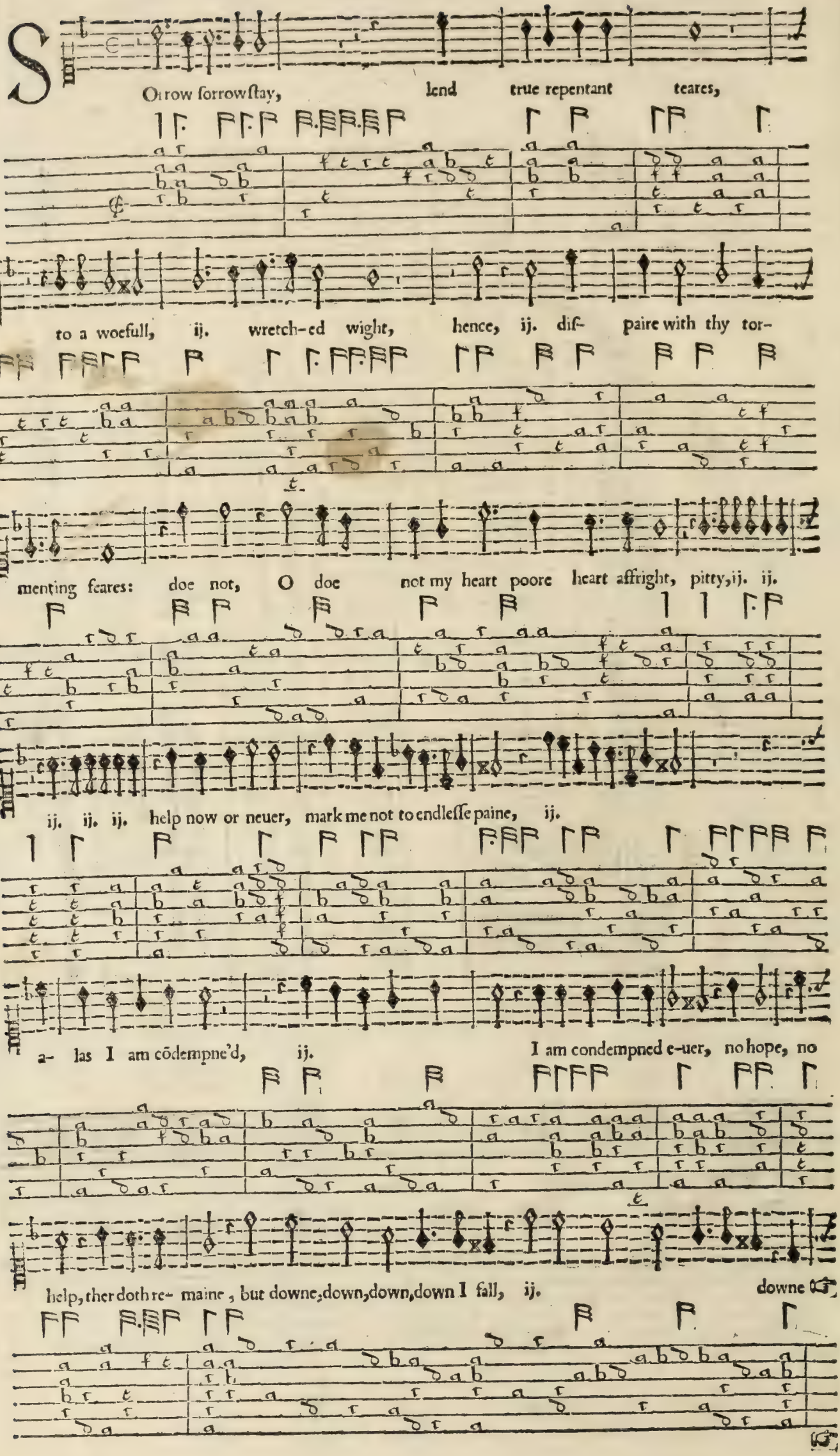
ij. and ſorrovv proud, to bee aduanced

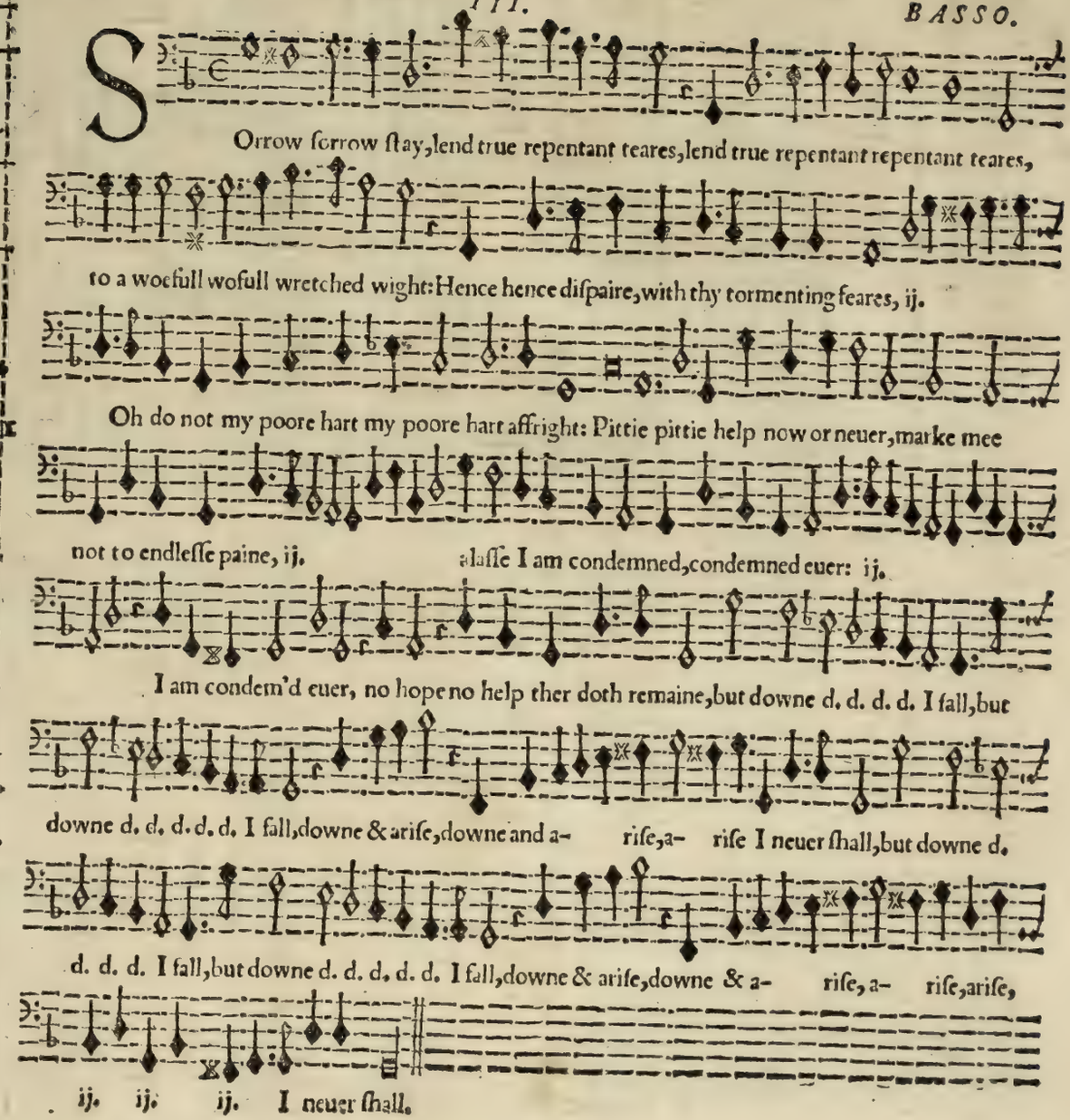
ſo, in thoſe fayer eyes, ij. vvher all perfections keep: Hir face vvas full full of

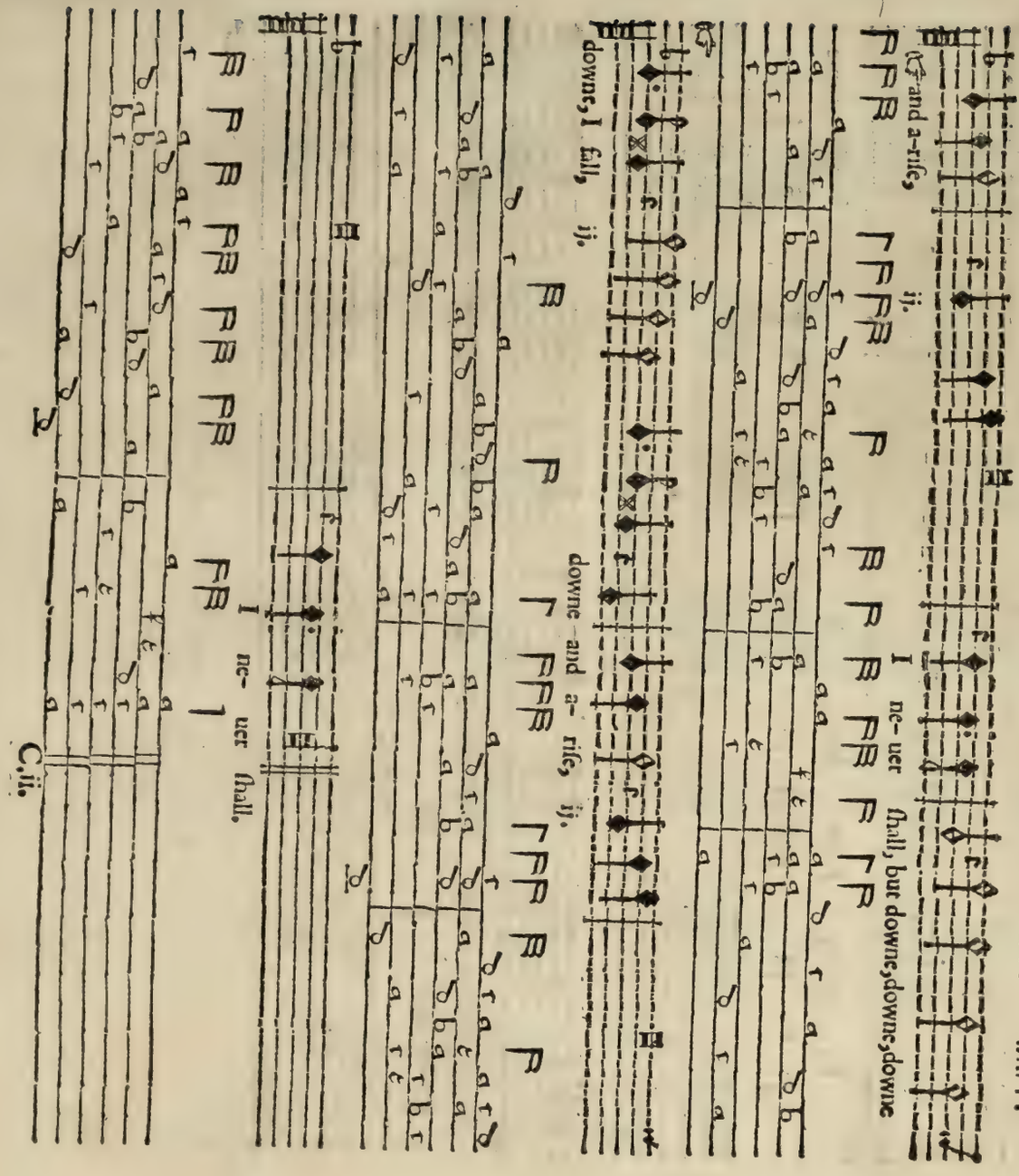
vvoe, But ſuch a vvoe, as vvinnes more hearts, Then mirth can doe, vvith hir intiſing parts.

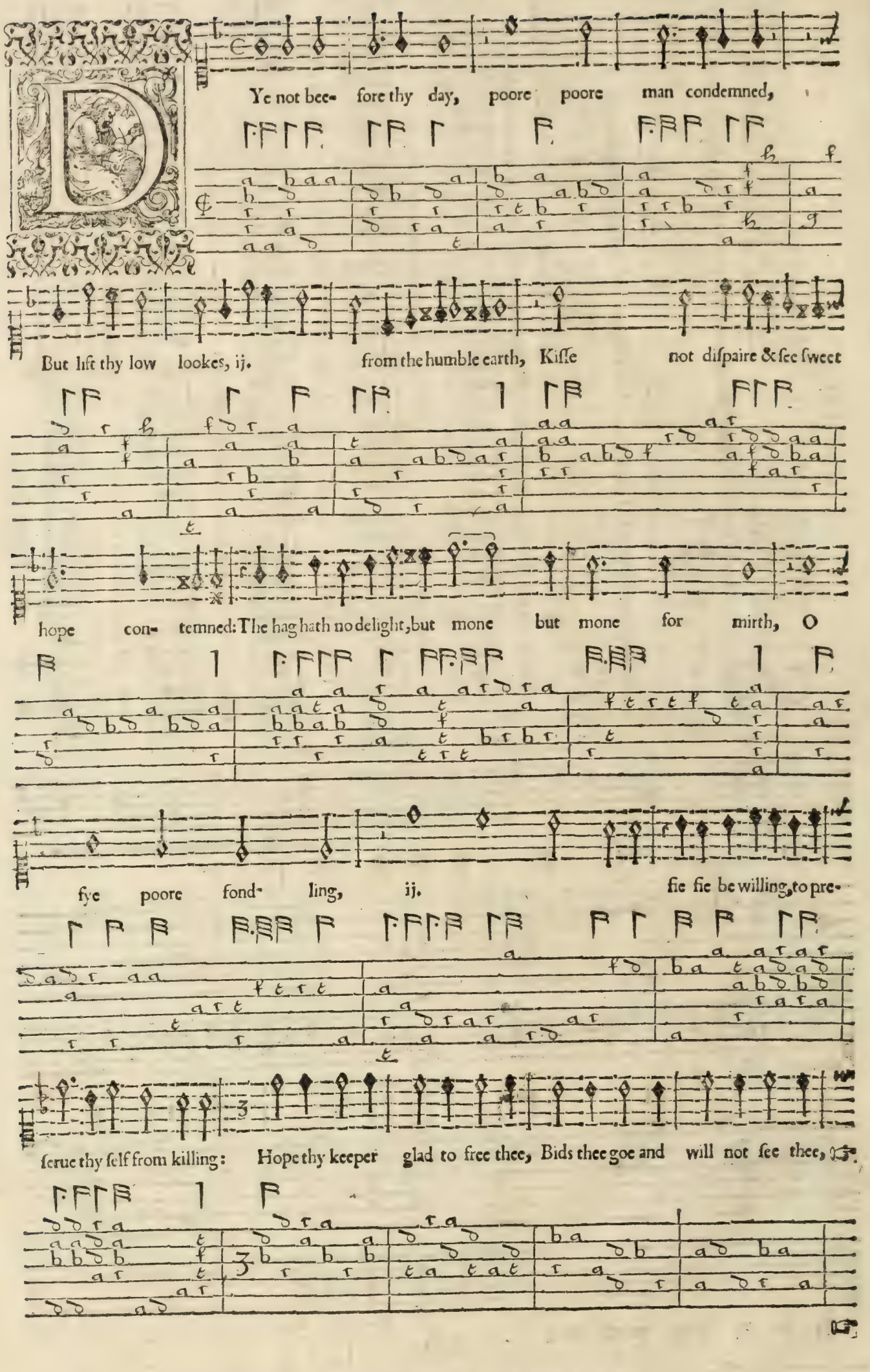

Low my teares fall from your ſprings, Exilde for e- uer: Let mee
Downe vaine lights ſhine you no more, No nights are dark e- nough for
morne where nights black bird hir ſad infamy ſings, there let mee liue for- lorne.
thoſe that in diſ- paire their laſt fortuns deplore, light doth but ſhame diſ- cloſe.
Neuer may my woes be re- lieued, ſince pit- tie is fled, and teares, and ſighes, and grones
Frō the higheſt ſpire of con- tentment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and griefe, and paine
my wearie dayes, ij. of all ioyes haue de- pri- ued.
for my de- ſerts, ij. are my hopes ſince hope is gone.
Harke you ſhadowes that in darckneſſe dwell, learne to contemne light, Happie, happie they

Low teares from your ſprings, Ex- ild for e- uer let me mourne: wher
Down lights ſhine no more, no night is dark enough for thoſe: that
nights black bird hir ſad in- fa- my ſings, ther let me liue forlorne.
in dif- pair their fortunes de-plore, light doth but ſhame diſcloſe.
Ne- uer may my vvoes, my vvoes, be re- lie- ued, ſince pitt'is fled: and teares, and
From the high-eſt ſpire, high'ſt ſpire of contentment, my fortunes throwne, and feare, and
ſighes, and grones, my vvea- ry dayes, ij. all ioyes haue depriued. Harke that in
griefe, and paine, for my de- ſerts, ij. are hopes, hope is gone.
darkeneſſe dwel, learne to contemne light, happy: ij. they that in hell ſeele not the worlds deſpite.


S
O row sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,
to a woefull, ij. wretch-ed wight, hence, ij. dis- paire with thy tor-
menting feares: doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart affright, pitty, ij. ij.
ij. ij. ij. help now or neuer, mark me not to endlesse paine, ij.
a- las I am cõdempne'd, ij. I am condempned e-uer, no hope, no
help, ther doth re- maine, but downe, down, down, down I fall, ij. downe


Sorrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares, lend true repentant repentant teares,
to a woefull wofull wretched wight: Hence hence dispaire, with thy tormenting feares, ij.
Oh do not my poore hart my poore hart affright: Pittie pittie help now or neuer, marke mee
not to endlesse paine, ij. alasse I am condemned, condemned euer: ij.
I am condem'd euer, no hope no help ther doth remaine, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, but
downe d. d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & arise, downe and a- rise, a- rise I neuer shall, but downe d.
d. d. d. I fall, but downe d. d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & arise, downe & a- rise, a- rise, arise,
ij. ij. ij. I neuer shall.


(& and a-rise,
ij.
I ne- uer shall, but downe, downe, downe
downe, I fall, ij.
downe - and a- rise, ij.
I ne- uer shall.


Ye not bee- fore thy day, poore poore man condemned,
But lift thy low lookes, ij. from the humble earth, Kisse not dispaire & see sweet
hope con- temned: The hag hath no delight, but mone but mone for mirth, O
fye poore fond- ling, ij. fie fie be willing, to pre-
serue thy self from killing: Hope thy keeper glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and will not see thee,

Ye not before thy day poore man condēn'd, but lift thy low looks

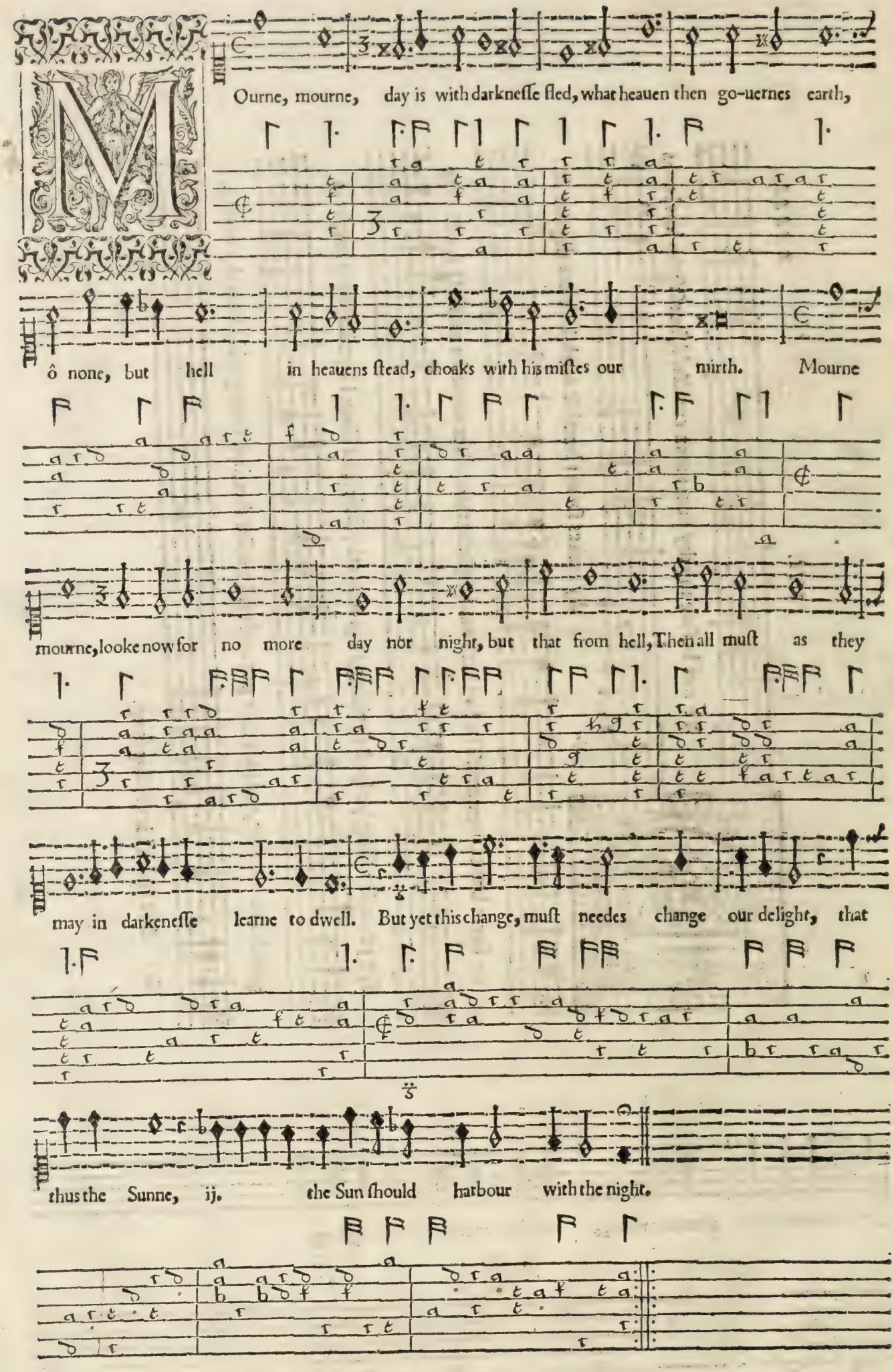
ij. thy lookes from t'humble earth, kiſſe not diſpaire &

ſee ſweet hope cōtemned: The hag hath no delight but mone but mone for mirth, O fye O fye

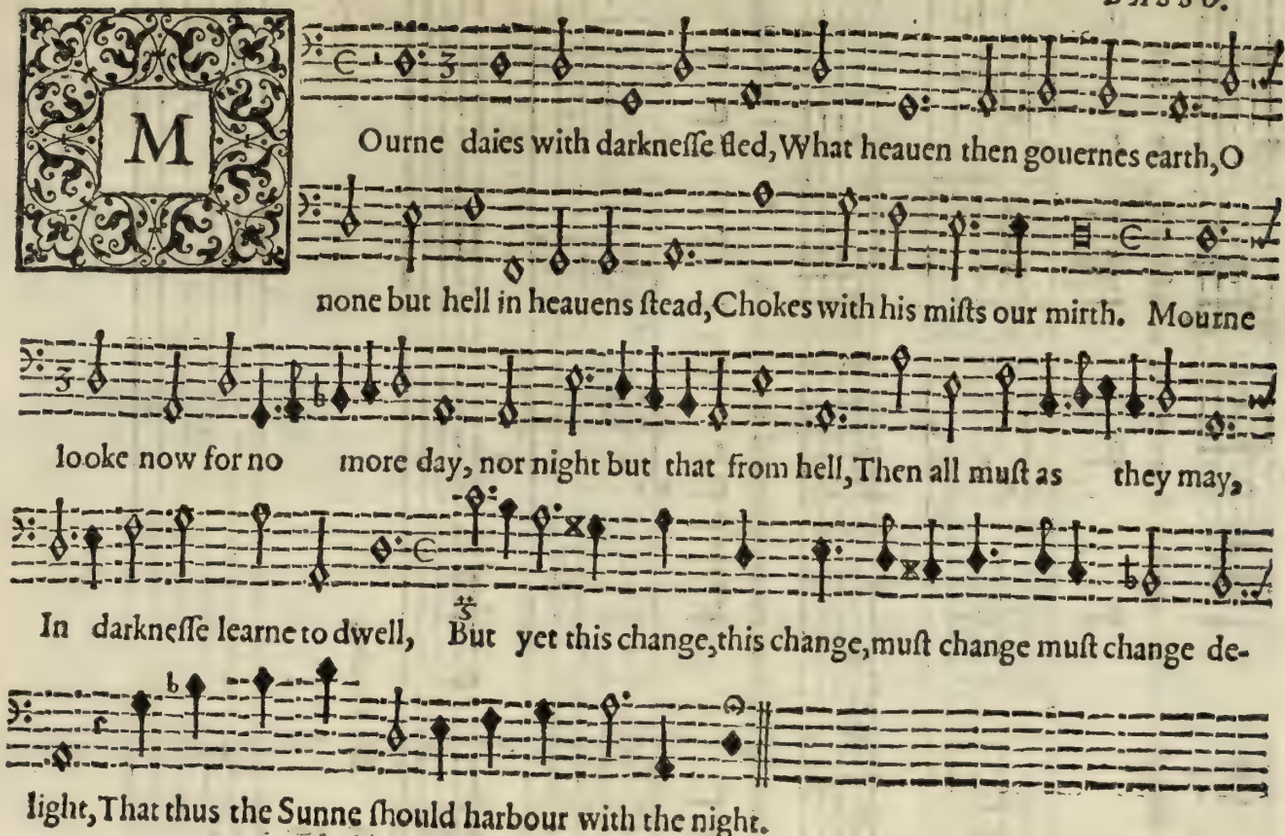
fye poore fondling fye fye be vvilling, to preſerue thy ſelfe frō killing, Hope hope thy keeper is

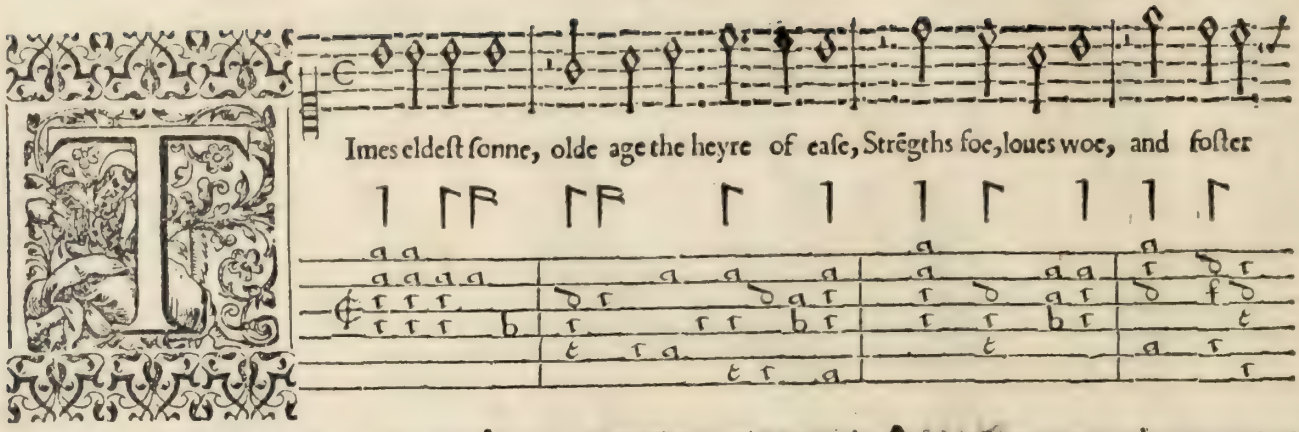
glad for to free thee, and bids thee goe and vvill not ſee thee, hye thee quickly from thy wrong,

ſo ſhee endes hir vvilling ſong.

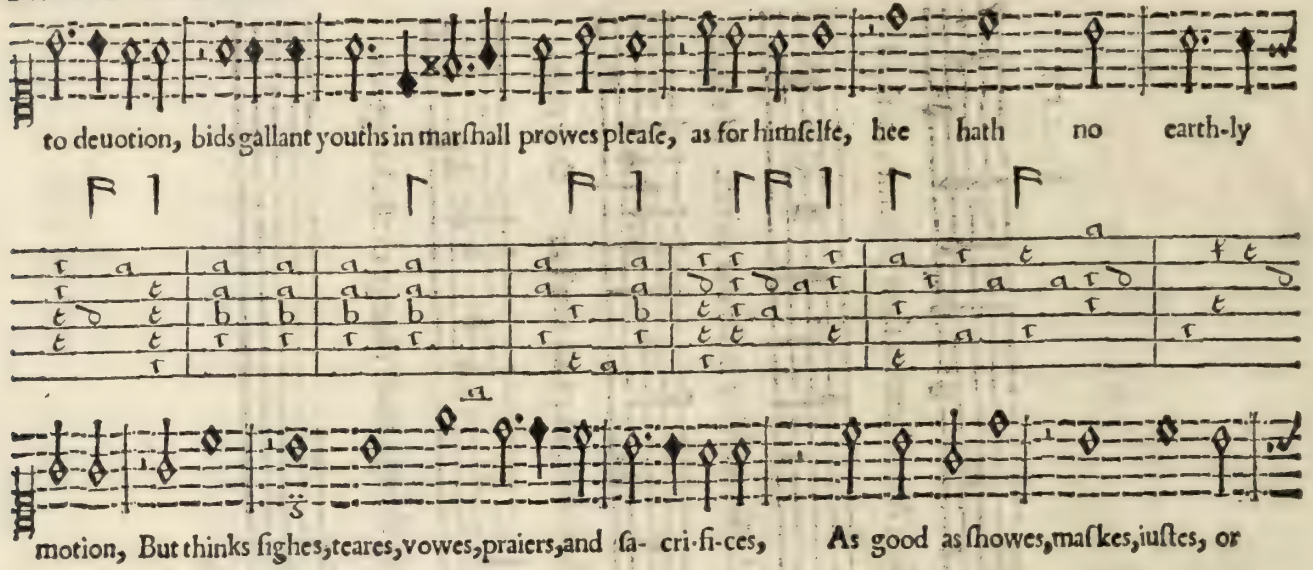

Ourne, mourne, day is with darkneſſe fled, what heauen then go-uernes earth,
ô none, but hell in heauens ſtead, choaks with his miſtes our mirth. Mourne
mourne, looke now for no more day nor night, but that from hell, Then all muſt as they
may in darkeneſſe learne to dwell. But yet this change, muſt needes change our delight, that
thus the Sunne, ij. the Sun ſhould harbour with the night.

V. BASSO.

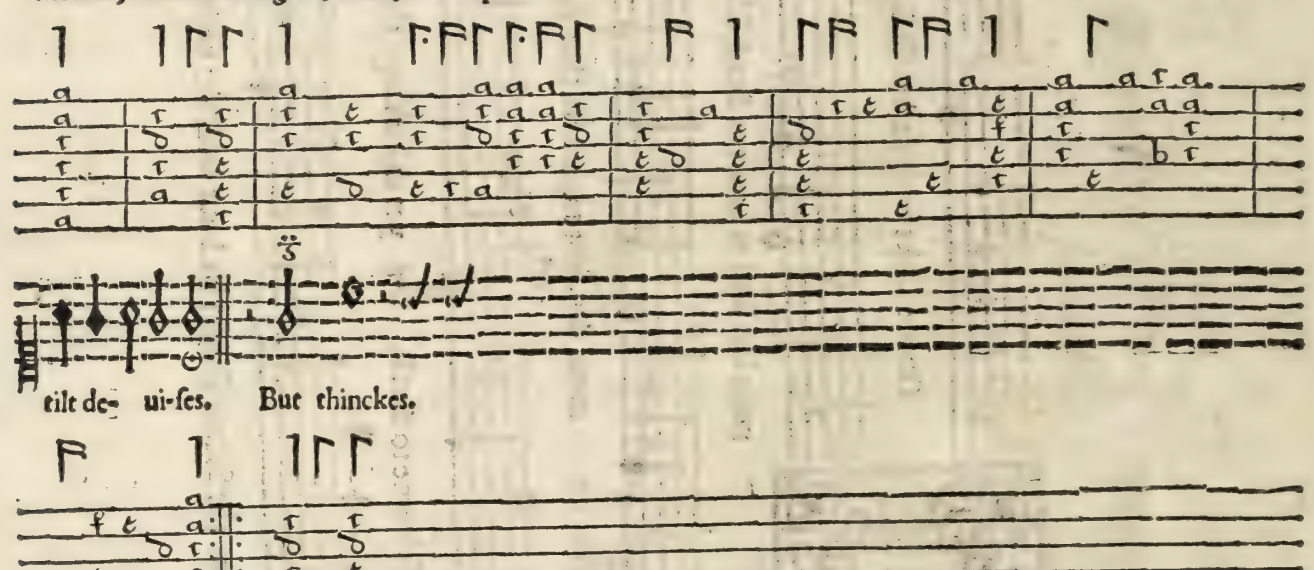

Ourne daies with darkneſſe fled, What heauen then gouernes earth, O
none but hell in heauens ſtead, Chokes with his miſts our mirth. Mourne
looke now for no more day, nor night but that from hell, Then all muſt as they may,
In darkneſſe learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, muſt change muſt change de-
light, That thus the Sunne ſhould harbour with the night.



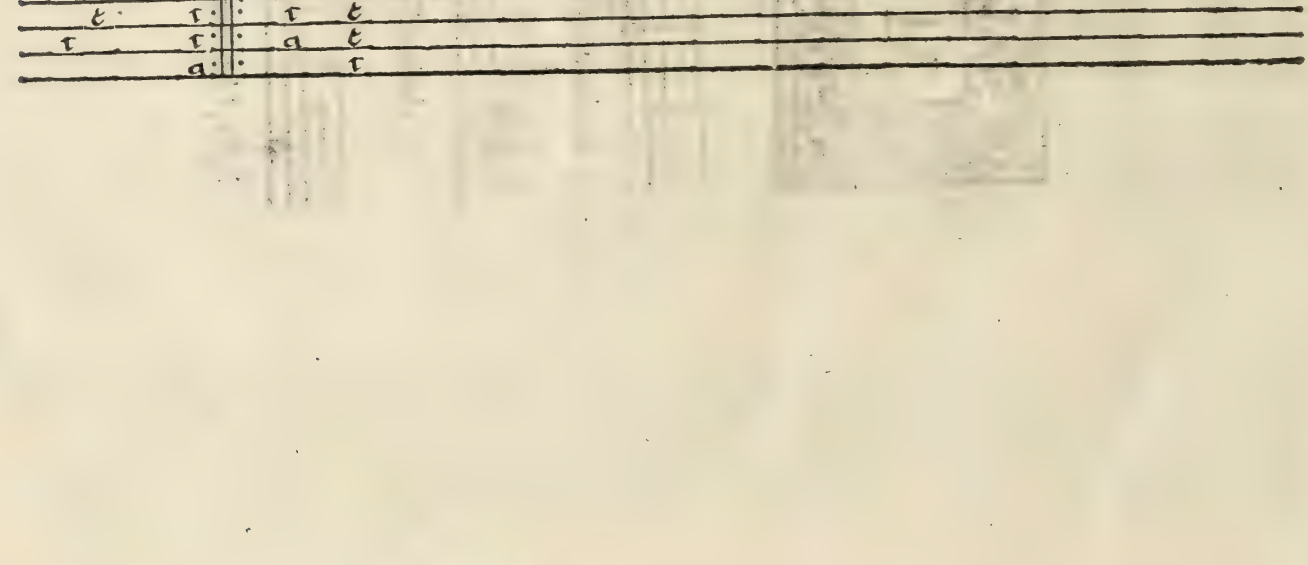
Imes eldeſt ſonne, olde age the heyre of eaſe, Strēgths foe, loues woe, and foſter



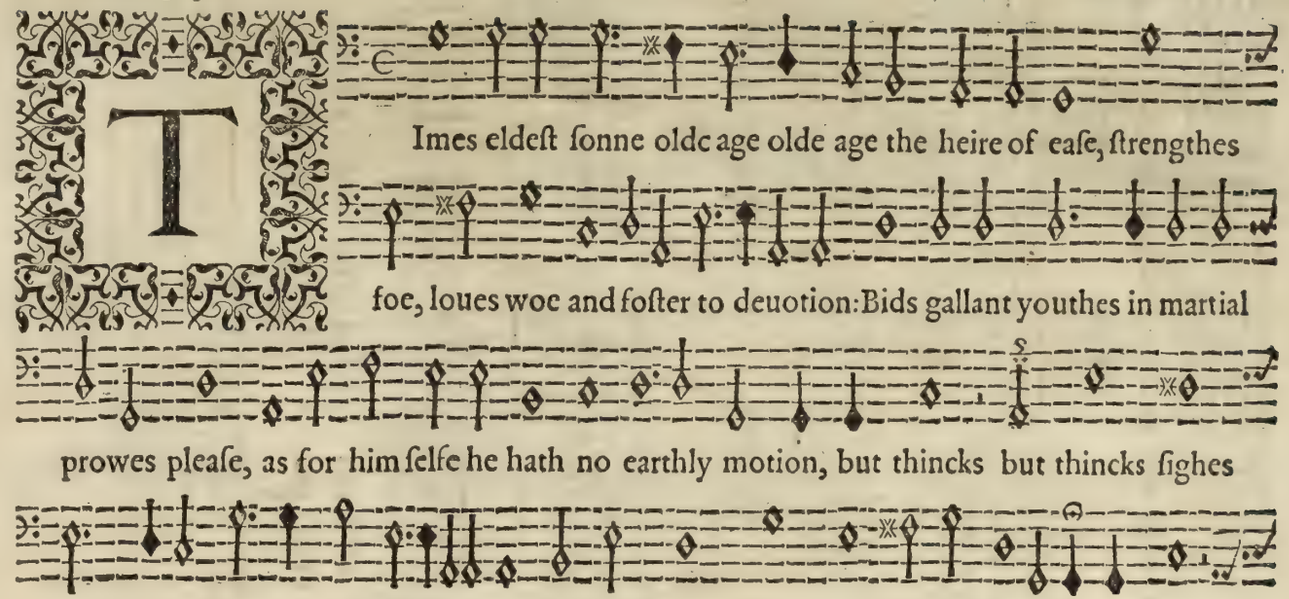
to deuotion, bids gallant youths in marſhall prowes pleaſe, as for himſelfe, hee hath no earth-ly



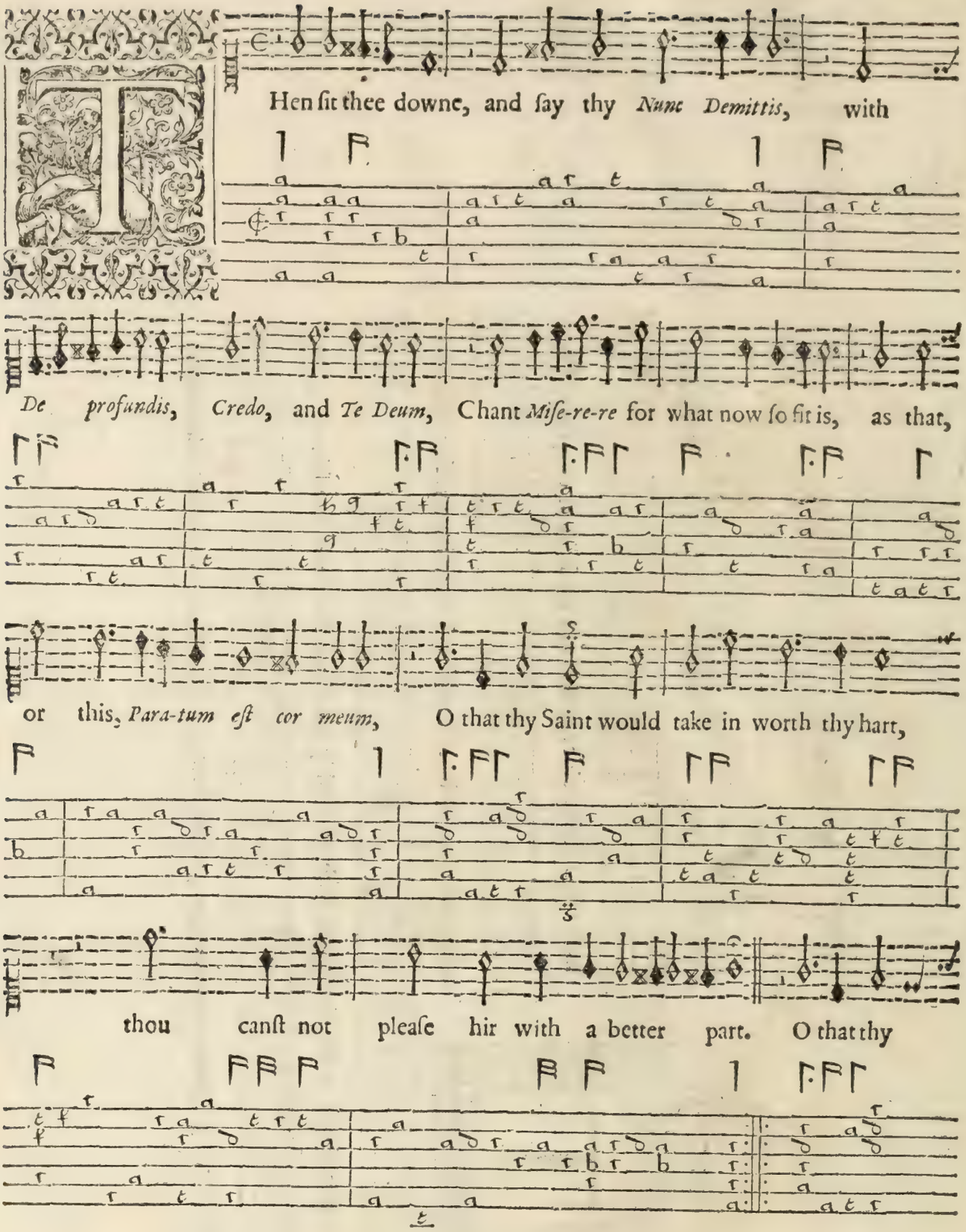
motion, But thinks ſighes, teares, vowes, praiers, and ſa- cri-fi-ces, As good as ſhowes, maſkes, iuſtes, or

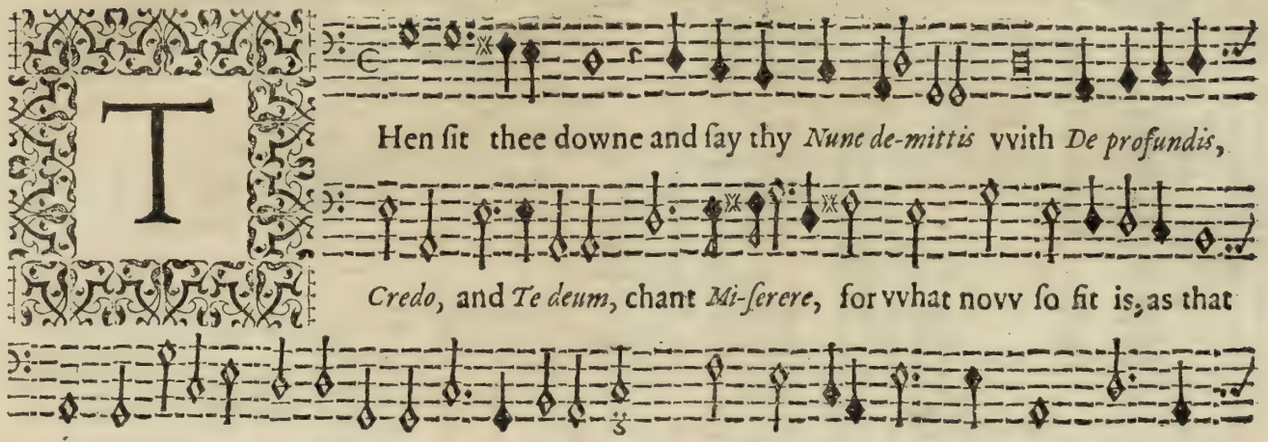


tilt de- ui-ſes. But thinckes.



Times eldeſt ſonne olde age olde age the heire of eaſe, ſtrengthes foe, loues woe and foſter to deuotion: Bids gallant youthes in martial prowes pleaſe, as for him ſelfe he hath no earthly motion, but thincks but thincks ſighes teares, vowes, prayers, and ſacrifices, as good as ſhewes, masks, Iuſts, or Tilt deuiſes. But thincks:


Then sit thee downe, and say thy *Nunc Demittis*, with
De profundis, *Credo*, and *Te Deum*, Chant *Mise-re-re* for what now so fit is, as that,
or this, *Para-tum est cor meum*, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,
thou canst not please hir with a better part. O that thy



THen ſit thee downe and ſay thy *Nunc de-mittis* vvith *De profundis*,
Credo, and *Te deum*, chant *Mi-ſerere*, for vvhat novv ſo fit is, as that
or this, *Paratum eſt cor meum*, O that thy Saint vvould take in vvorth thy heart, thou canſt
not pleaſe hir vvith a better part. O that thy

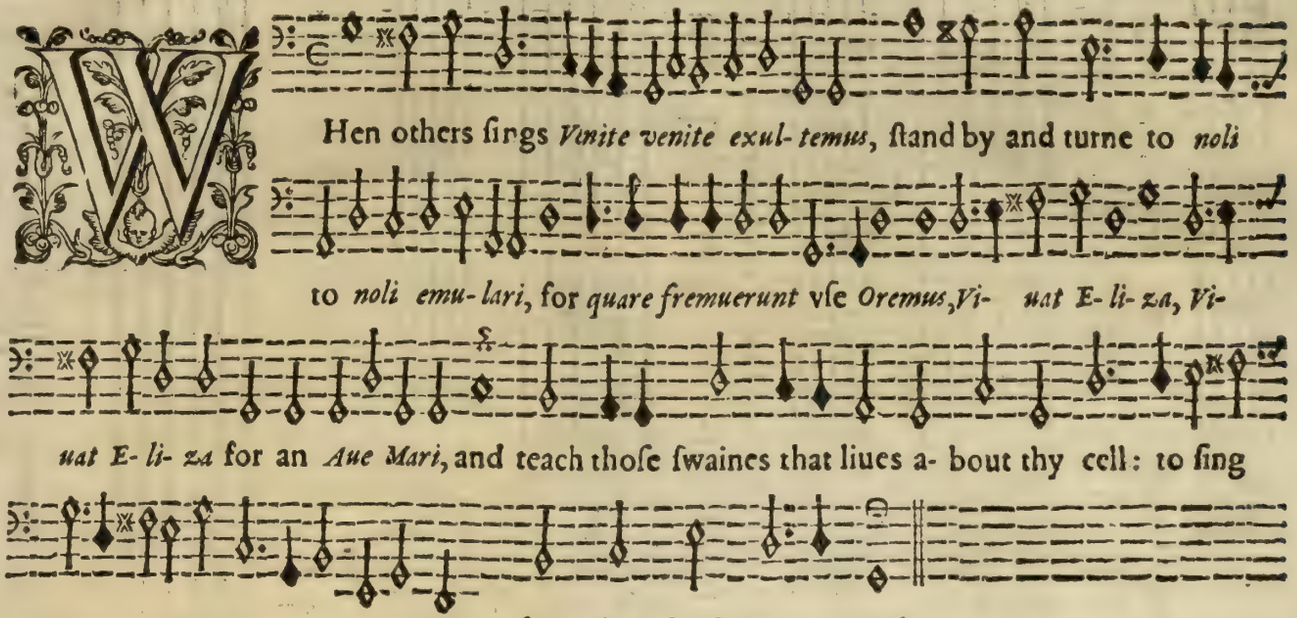
Hen others ſings *Venite exultemus*, ſtand by

and turne to *Noli emulari*, For *quare fremu- e- runt* vſe *oremus* *Viuat*

E- li- za, *Vi- uat E- li- za*, For an *aue mari*, and teach thoſe ſwains that

liues about thy cell, to ſay *A- men A- men* when thou doſt pray ſo well.

Heere endeth the Songs of two parts.



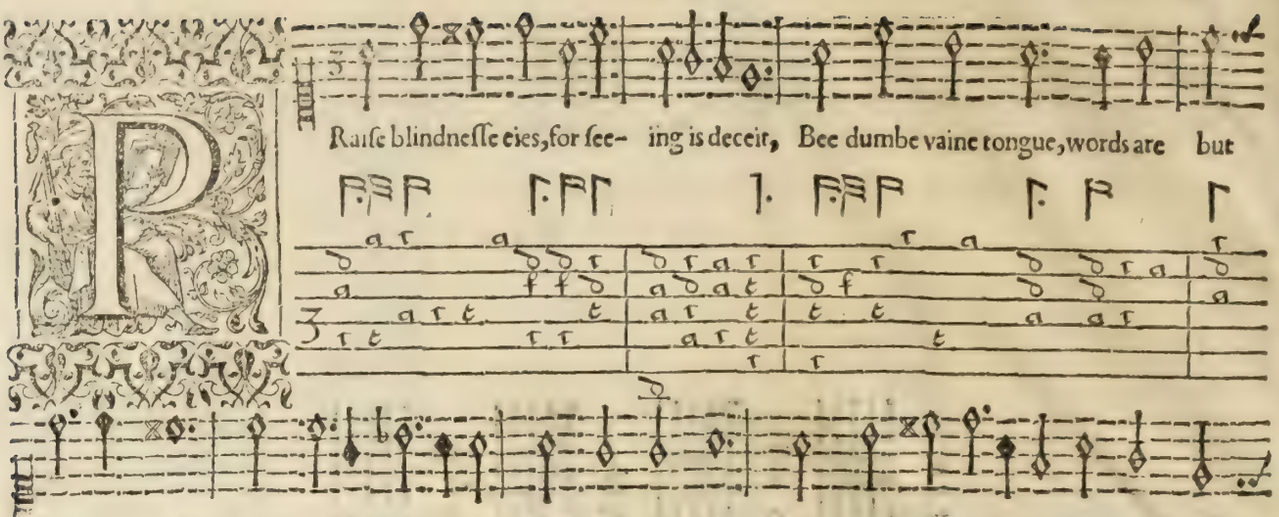
When others ſings *Vnite venite exul- temus*, ſtand by and turne to *noli*

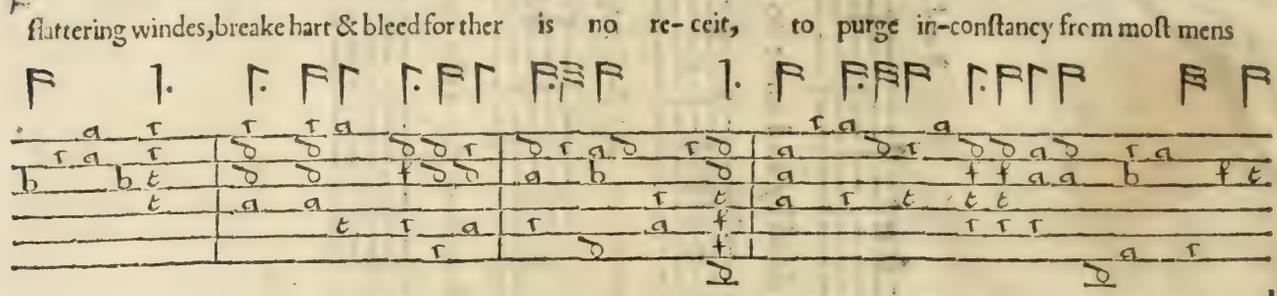
to *noli emu- lari*, for *quare fremuerunt* vſe *Oremus*, *Vi- uat E- li- za*, *Vi-*

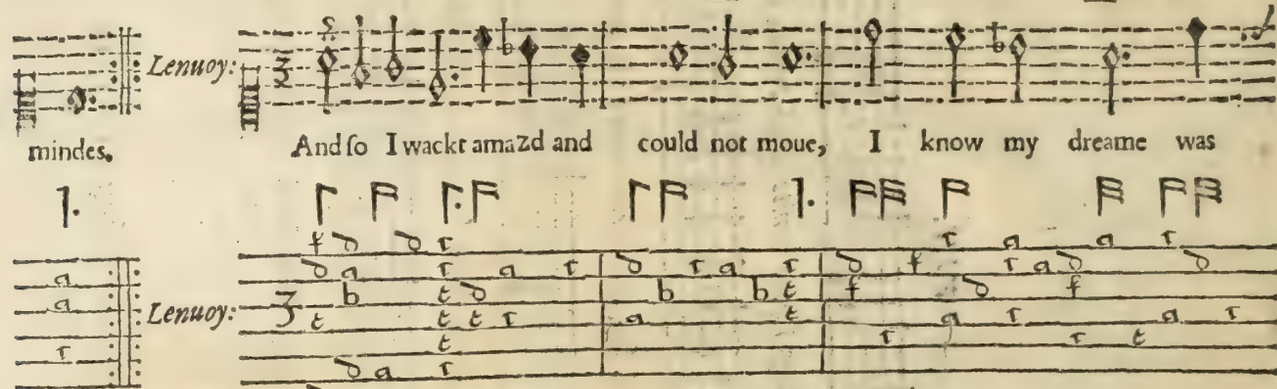
uat E- li- za for an *Aue Mari*, and teach thoſe ſwaines that liues a- bout thy cell: to ſing

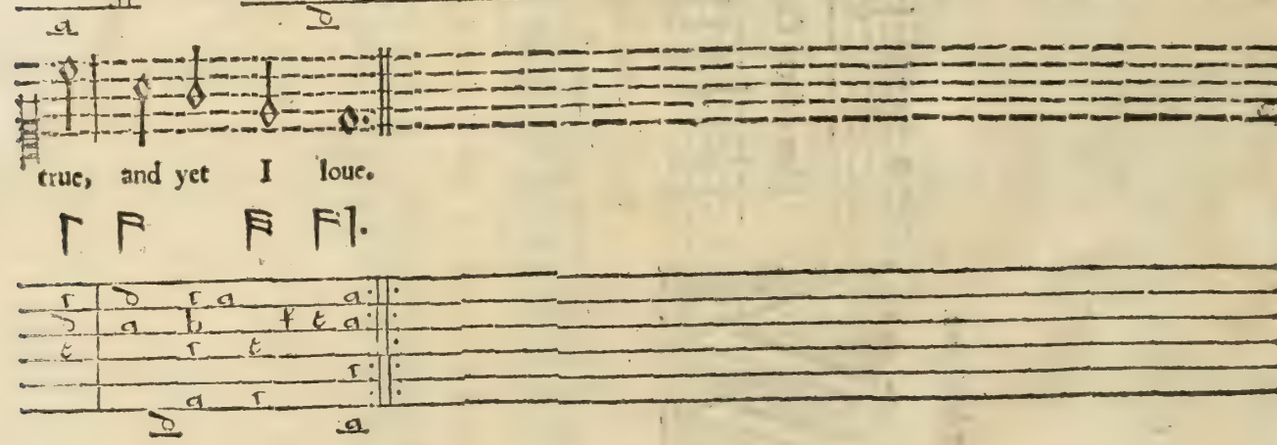
A- men A- men, vvhen thou doeſt pray ſo vvell.

Heere endeth the ſongs of two parts.

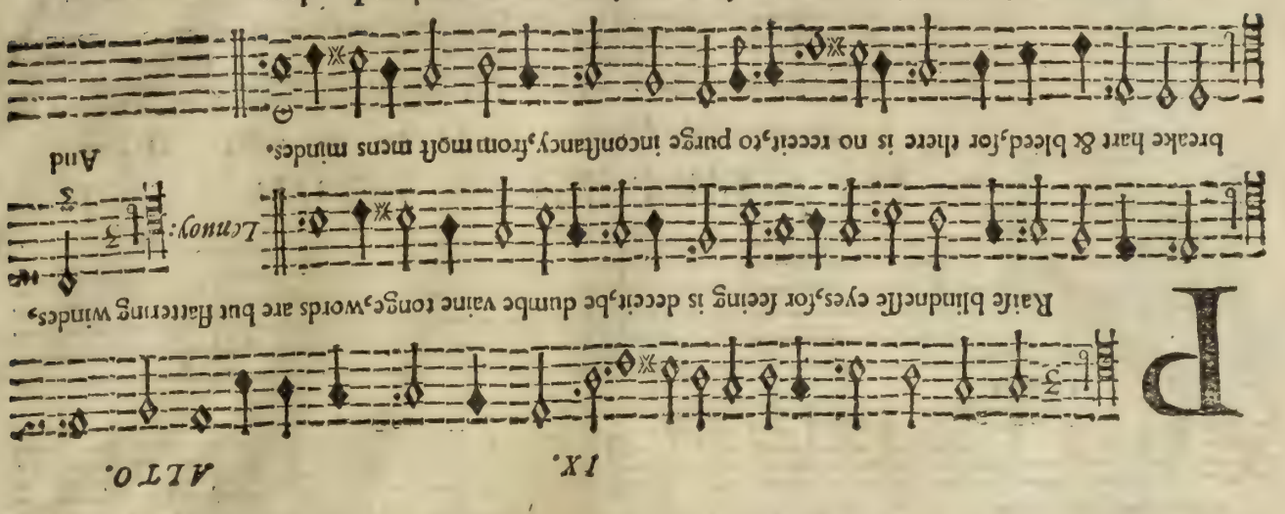


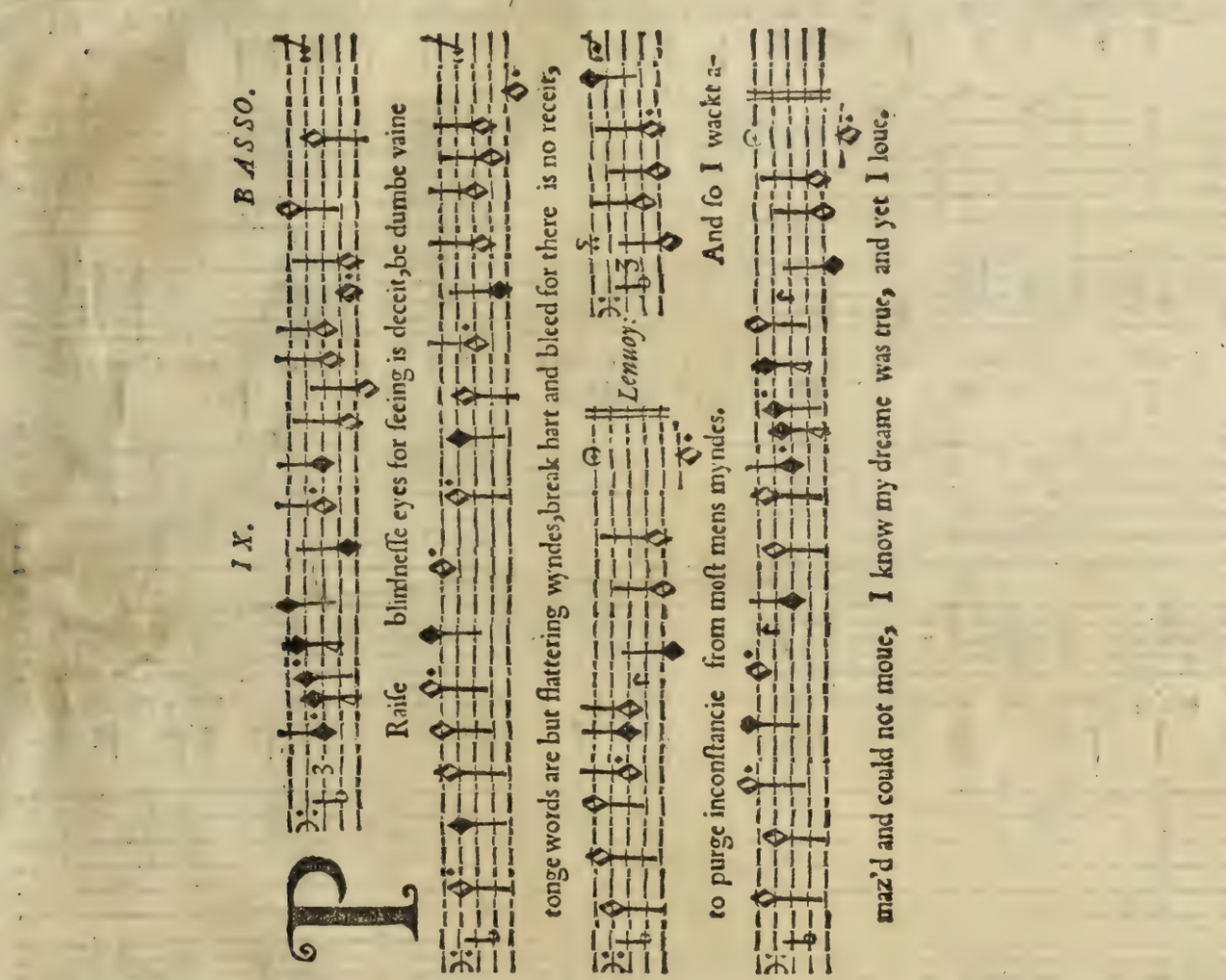






And if thine eares falſe Haralds to thy hart,
Conuey into thy head hopes to obtaine,
Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,
Now loue is art that wonted to be plaine,
Now none is bald except they ſee his braines,
Affection is not knowne till one be dead,
Reward for loue are labours for his paines,
Loues quiuer made of gold his ſhafts of leade.
And ſo I wackt, &c.


so I wackt amazed and could not moue, I know my dreame was true and yet I loue.
breake hart & bleed, for there is no receit, to purge inconstancy from moste mens mindes.
Lenuoy:
Raise blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tonge, words are but flattering windes,
IX.
TENORE.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Lenuoy:
And
Raise blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tonge, words are but flattering windes,
IX.
ALTO.

maz'd and could not moue, I know my dreame was true, and yet I loue.
to purge inconstancie from moste mens myndes.
Lenuoy:
And so I wackt a-
tonge words are but flattering wyndes, break hart and bleed for there is no receit,
Raise blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine
IX.
BASSO.

Sweet woods the de- light of ſo- li- ta- ri- neſſe, O how

much doe I loue your ſo- li- ta- ri- neſſe. From fames deſire, from loues delight retir'd, In theſe ſad

groues an Hermits life I led, And thoſe falſe pleaſures which I once ad-

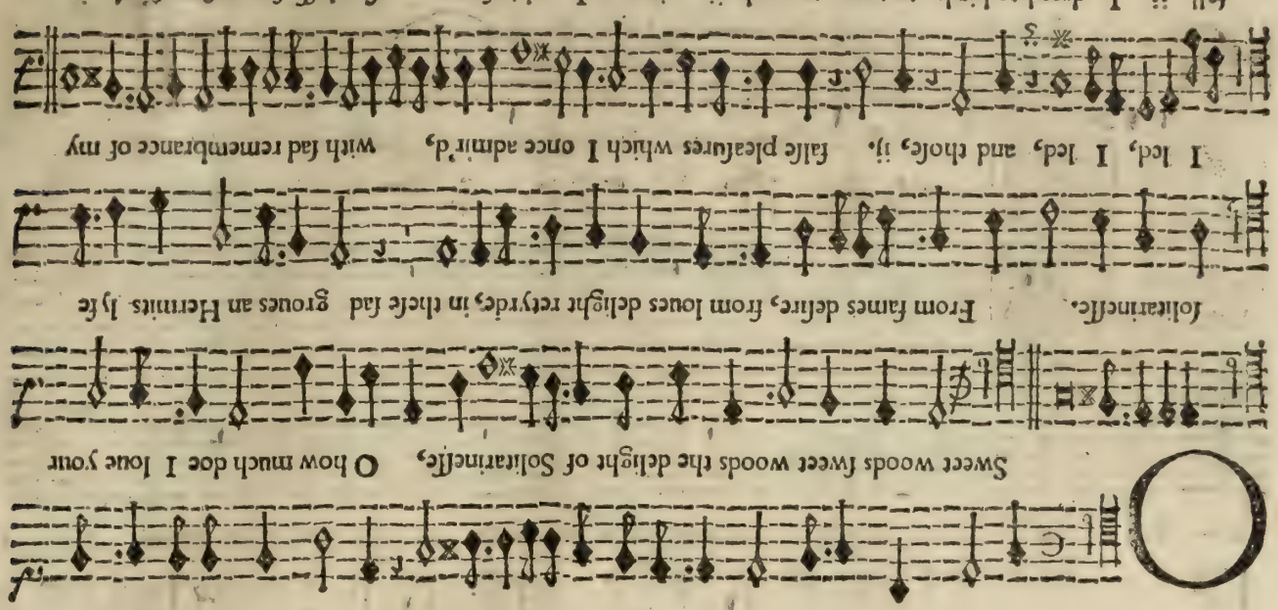
mir'd, With ſad re- mem-brance of my fall, ij I dread, To birds, to trees, to earth, im-

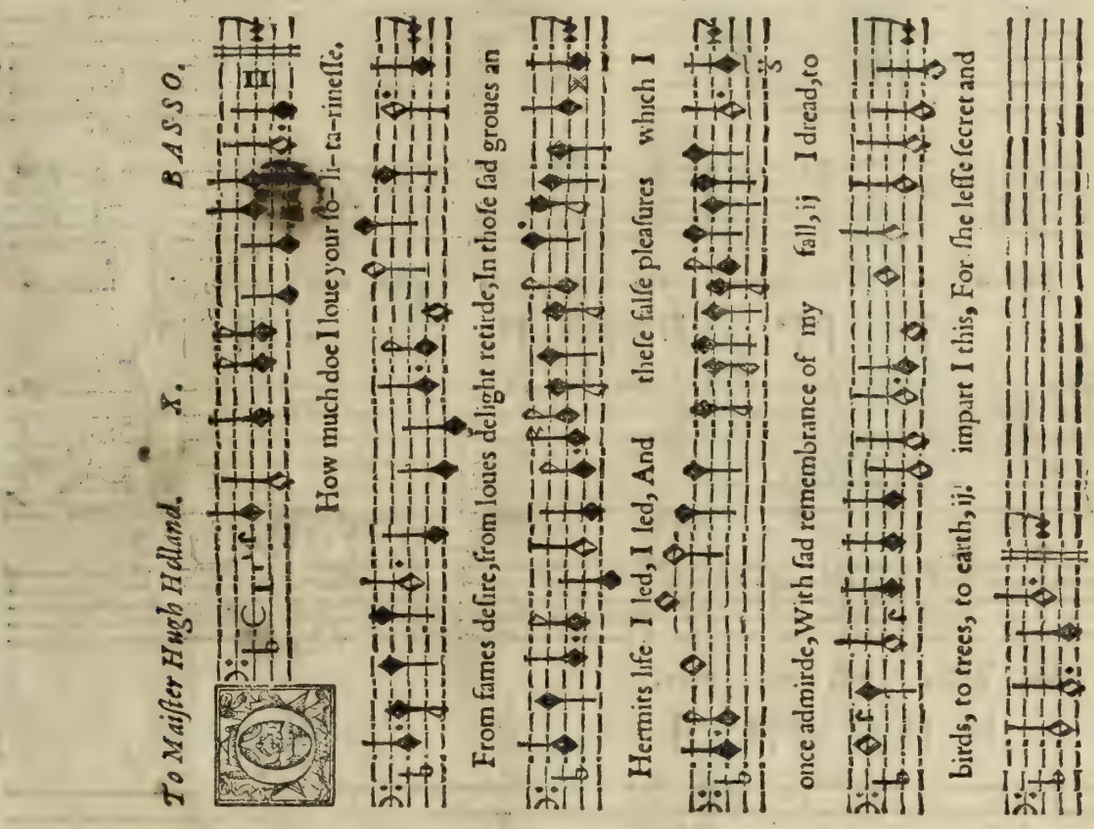
part I this, For ſhee leſſe ſe- cret, and as ſence- leſſe is.

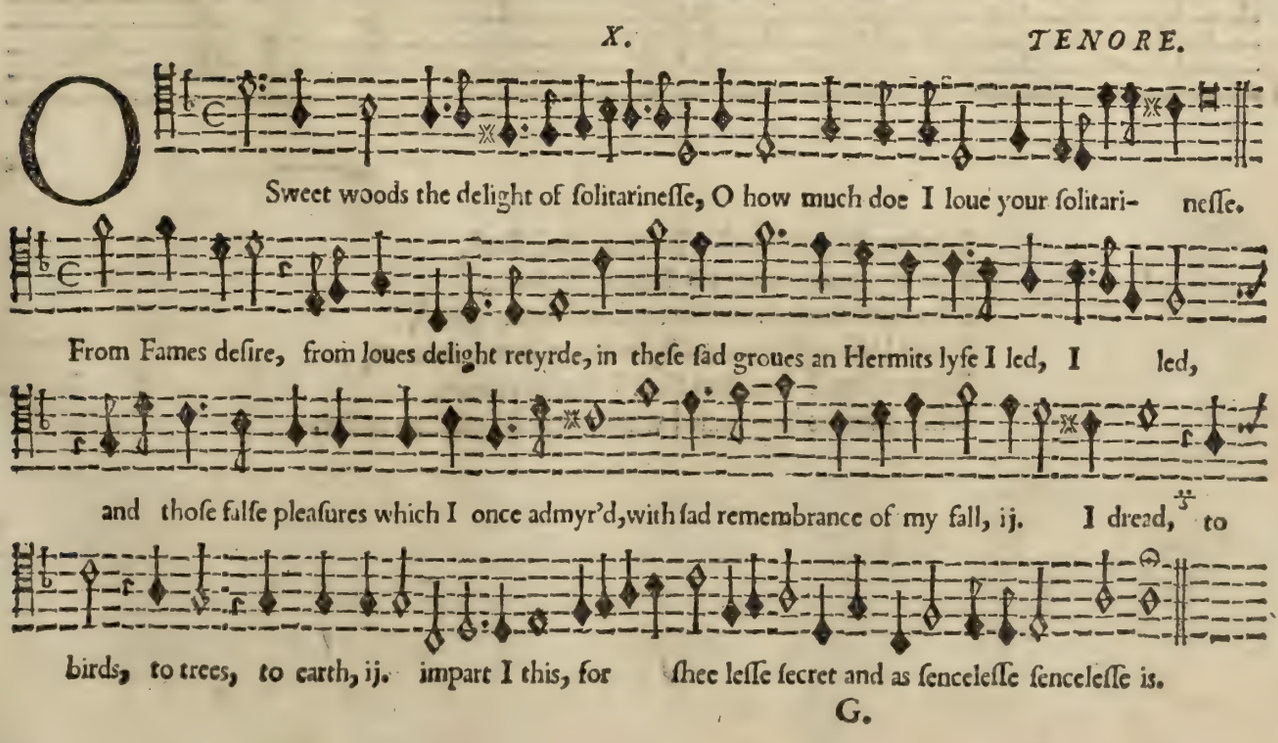
Experience which repentance onely brings,
Doth bid mee now my hart from loue eſtrange,
Loue is diſdained when it doth looke at Kings,
And loue loe placed baſe and apt to change:
Ther power doth take from him his liberty,
Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.
O ſweet woods,&c.
O how much,&c.

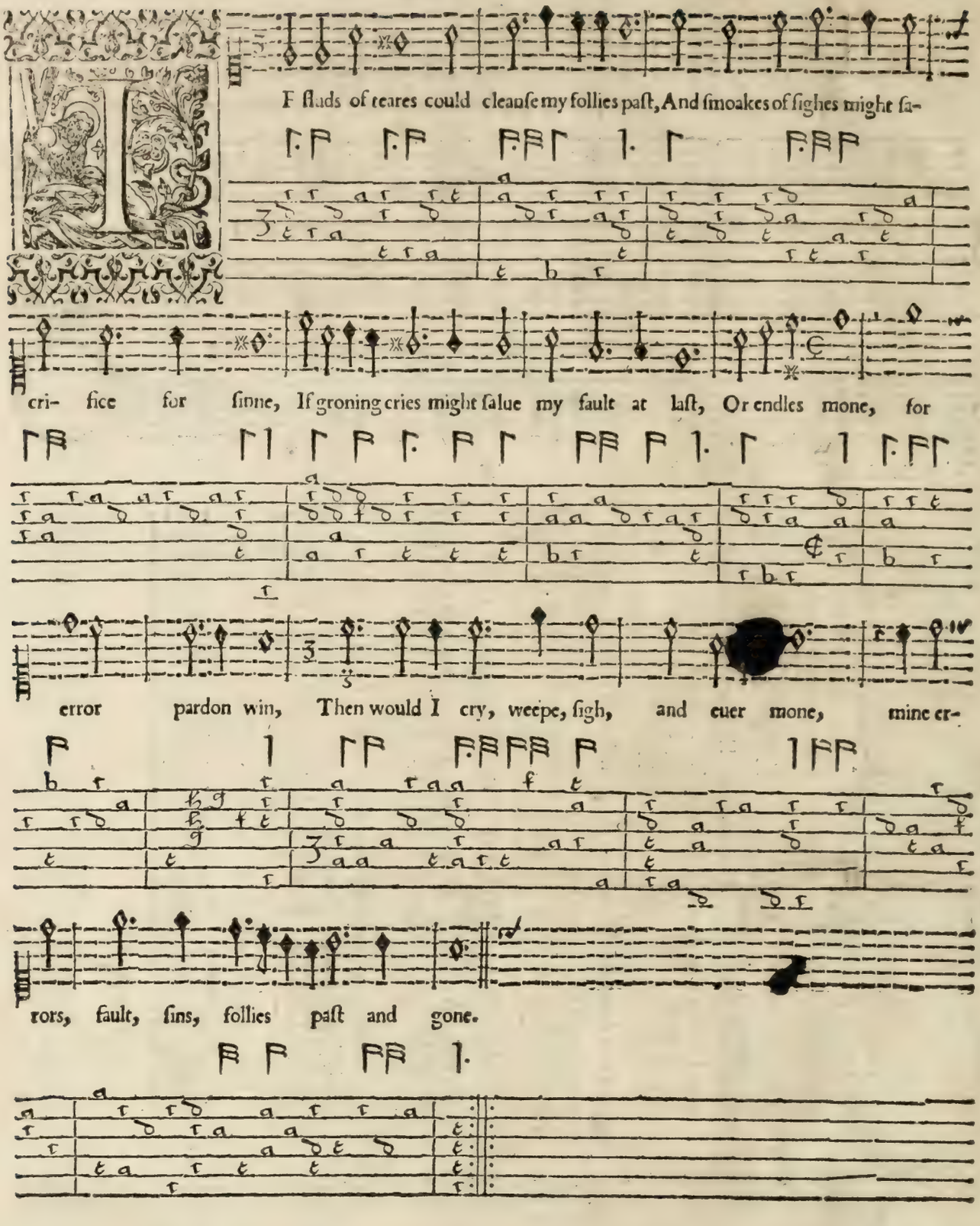
You men that giue falſe worſhip vnto Loue,
And ſeeke that which you neuer ſhall obtaine,
The endleſſe worke of Siſiphus you procure,
Whoſe end is this to know you ſtriue in vaine,
Hope and deſire which now your Idols bee,
You needs muſt looſe and feele diſpaire with mee.
O ſweet woods,&c.
O how much,&c.

You woods in you the faireſt Nimphs haue walked,
Nimphes at whoſe ſight all harts did yeeld to Loue,
You woods in whom deere louers oft haue talked,
How doe you now a place of mourning proue,
Wanſted my Miſtres ſaith this is the doome,
Thou art loues Childbed, Nurſery, and Tombe.
O ſweet woods,&c.
O how much,&c.

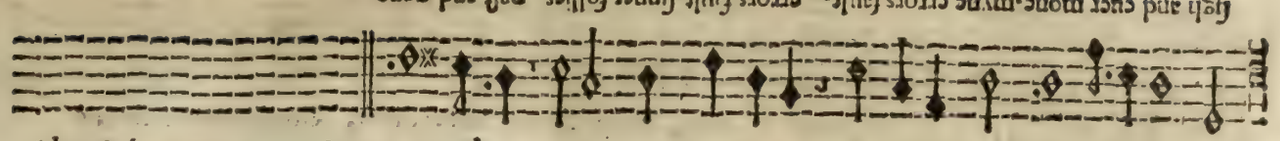

X.
ALTO.
Sweet woods the delight of Solitarinesse, O how much doe I loue your
Solitarinesse. From fames desire, from loues delight retyrde, in these sad groues an Hermits lyfe
I led, I led, and those, ij. false pleasures which I once admir'd, with sad remembrance of my
fall, ij. I dread, to birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, for fine selfe secret & as secretes is.


To Maister Hugh Holland.
X.
BASSO.
How much doe I loue your so-li-ta-rinesse.
From fames desire, from loues delight retirde, In those sad groues an
Hermits life I led, I led, And these false pleasures which I
once admirde, With sad remembrance of my fall, ij I dread, to
birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, For the lesse secret and
as senceleſſe is.

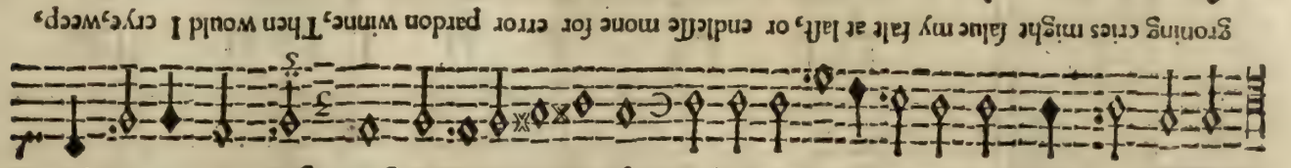

X.
TENORE.
Sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse, O how much doe I loue your solitari- nesse.
From Fames desire, from loues delight retyrde, in these sad groues an Hermits lyfe I led, I led,
and those false pleasures which I once admyr'd, with sad remembrance of my fall, ij. I dread, to
birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, for shee lesse secret and as senceleſſe senceleſſe is.



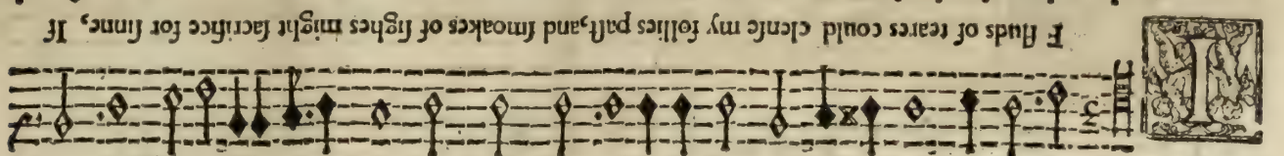
I see my hopes must wither in their bud,
I see my fauours are no lasting flowers,
I see that woords will breede no better good,
Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,
Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,
That fauours hopes and words, can blinde no more.



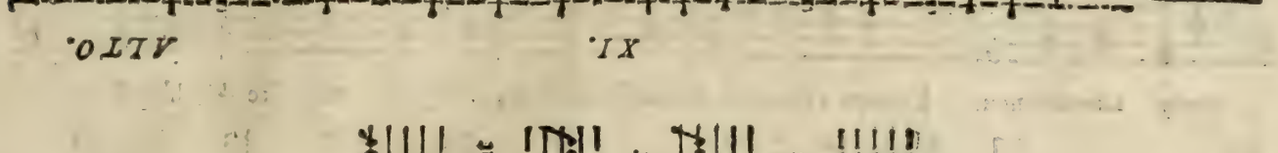
sigh and euer mone, myne errors faults, errors faults, faines follies past and gone.



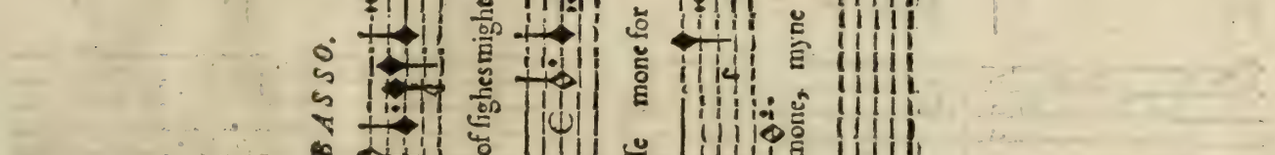
groning cries might salue my fault at last, or endelle mone for error pardon winne, Then would I cry, weep,



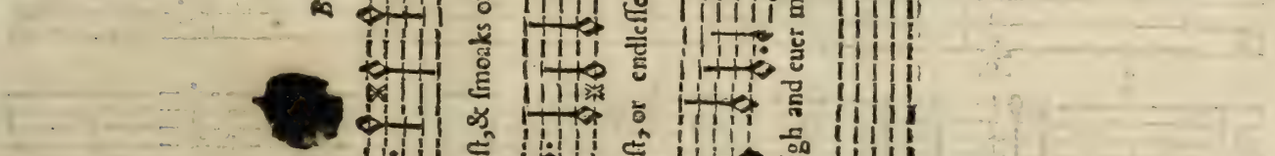
F fluds of teares could clenſe my follies paſt, and ſmoakes of ſighes might ſacrifice for ſinne, If



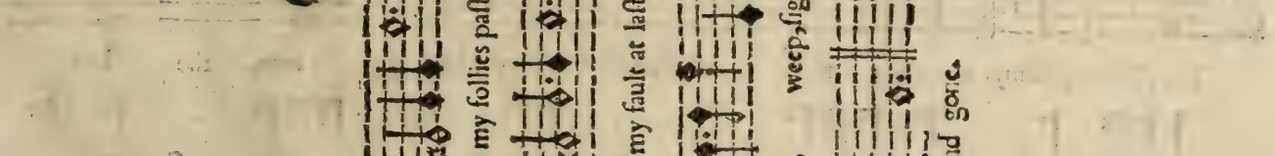
XI. ALTO.



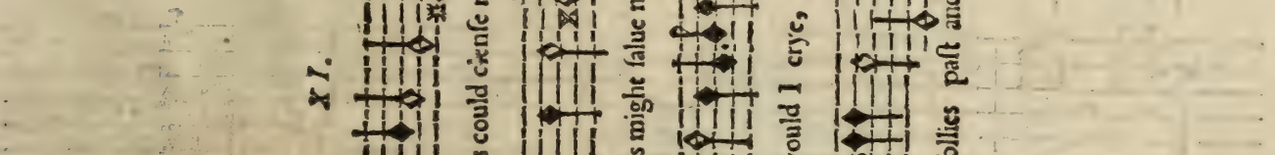
F fluds of teares could clenſe my follies paſt, & ſmoaks of ſighes might



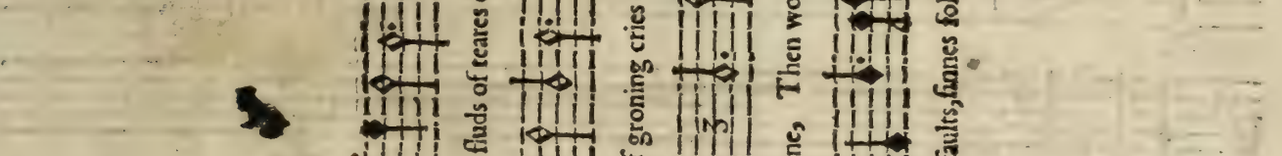
XI. BASSO.



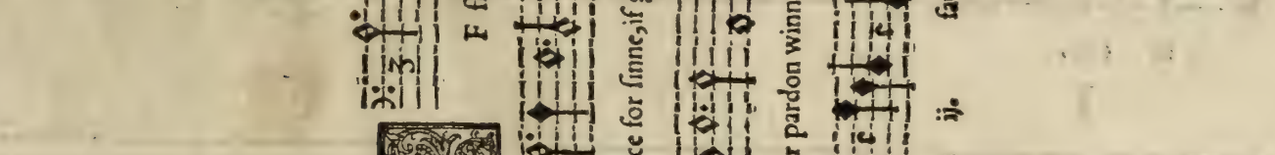
facrifice for ſinne, if groning cries might ſalue my fault at laſt, or endleſſe mone for



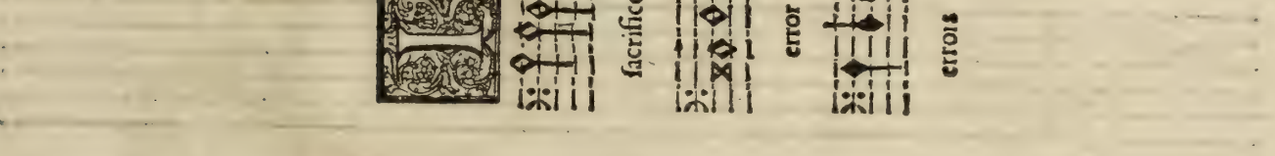
error pardon winne, Then would I crye, weep, ſigh and euer mone, myne



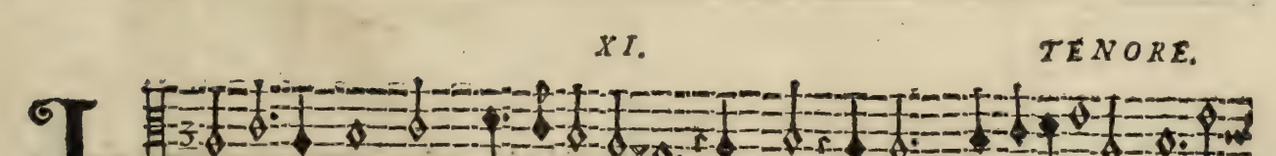
errors ij. faults, faines follies paſt and gone.



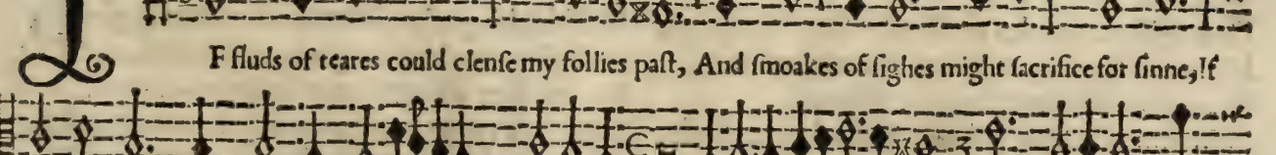
XI. TENORE.



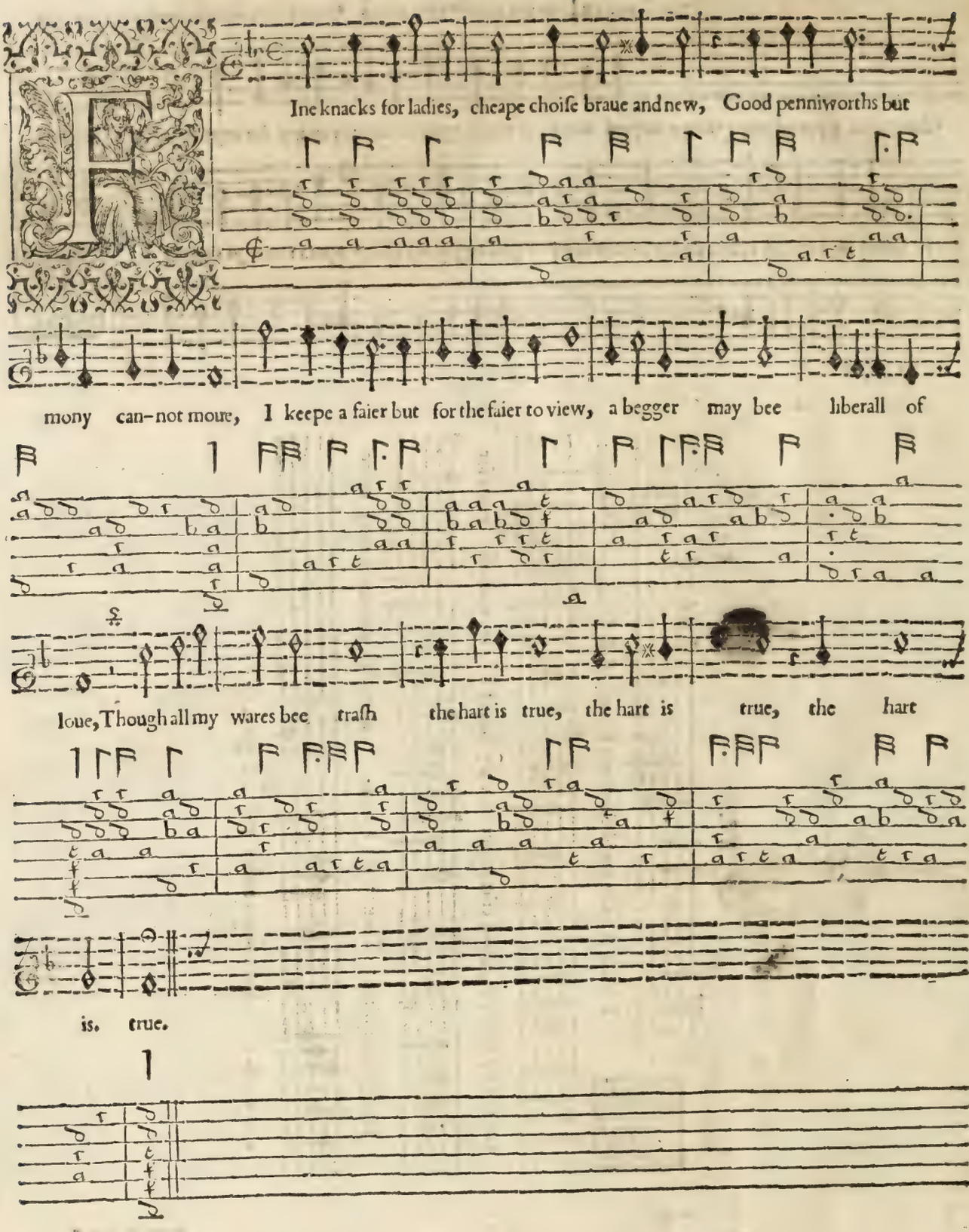
F fluds of teares could clenſe my follies paſt, And ſmoakes of ſighes might ſacrifice for ſinne, If



groning cries might ſalue my fault at laſt, Or endles mone for error pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe,

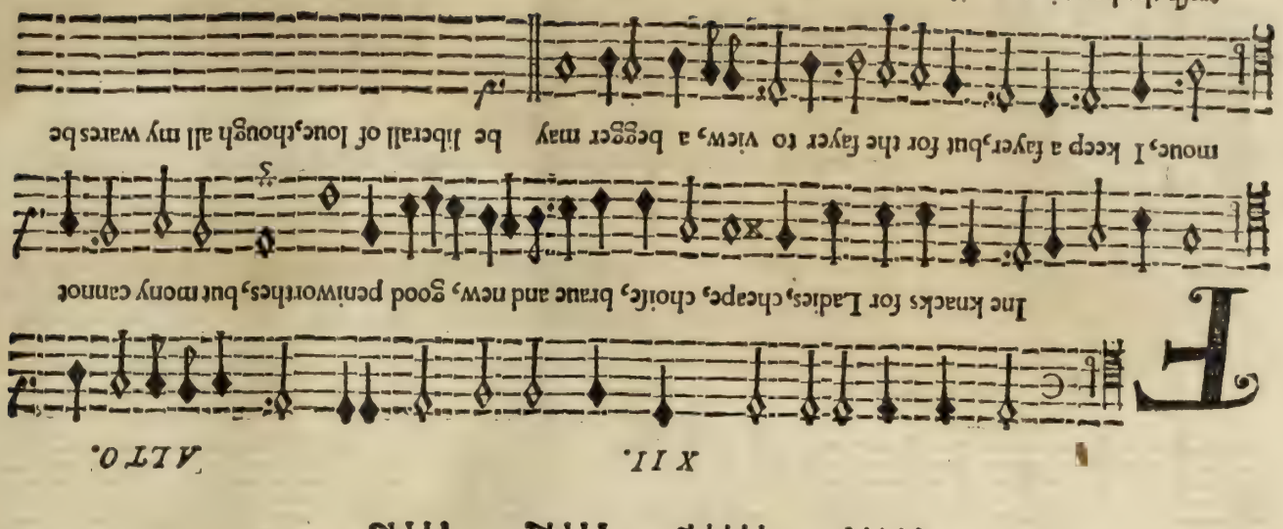


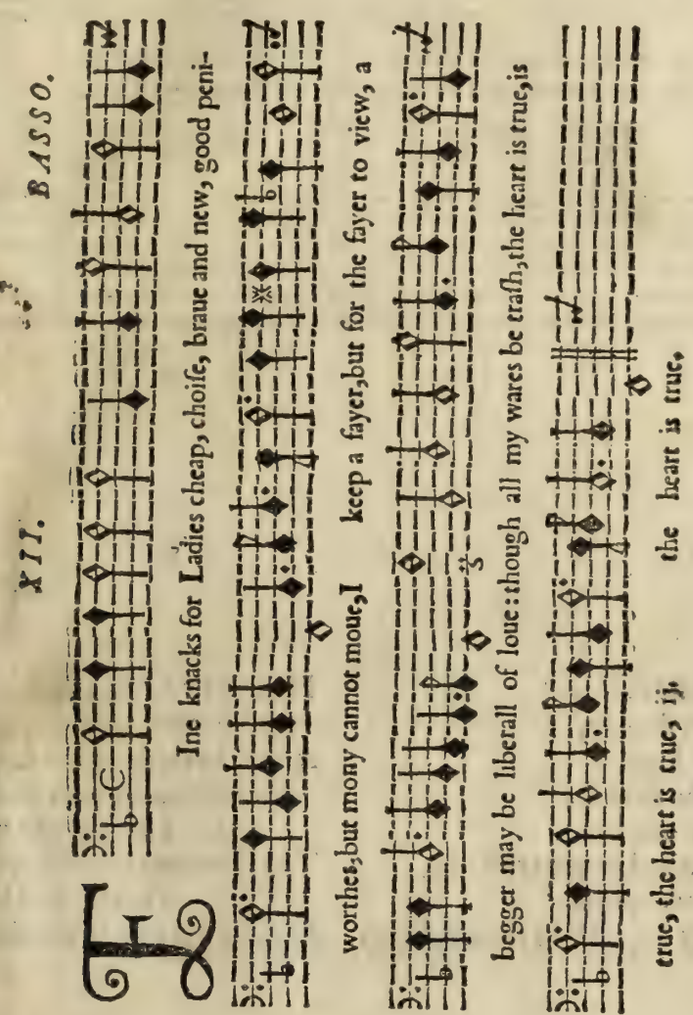
ſigh, and euer mone, Mine errors, ij. faults, ſins, ſins, follies paſt and gone.

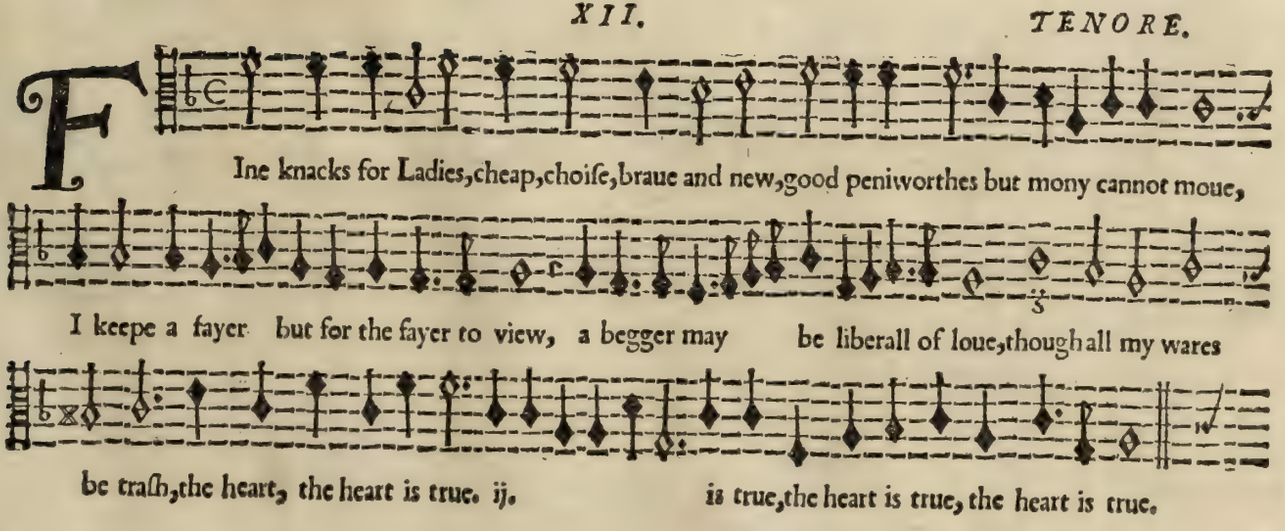


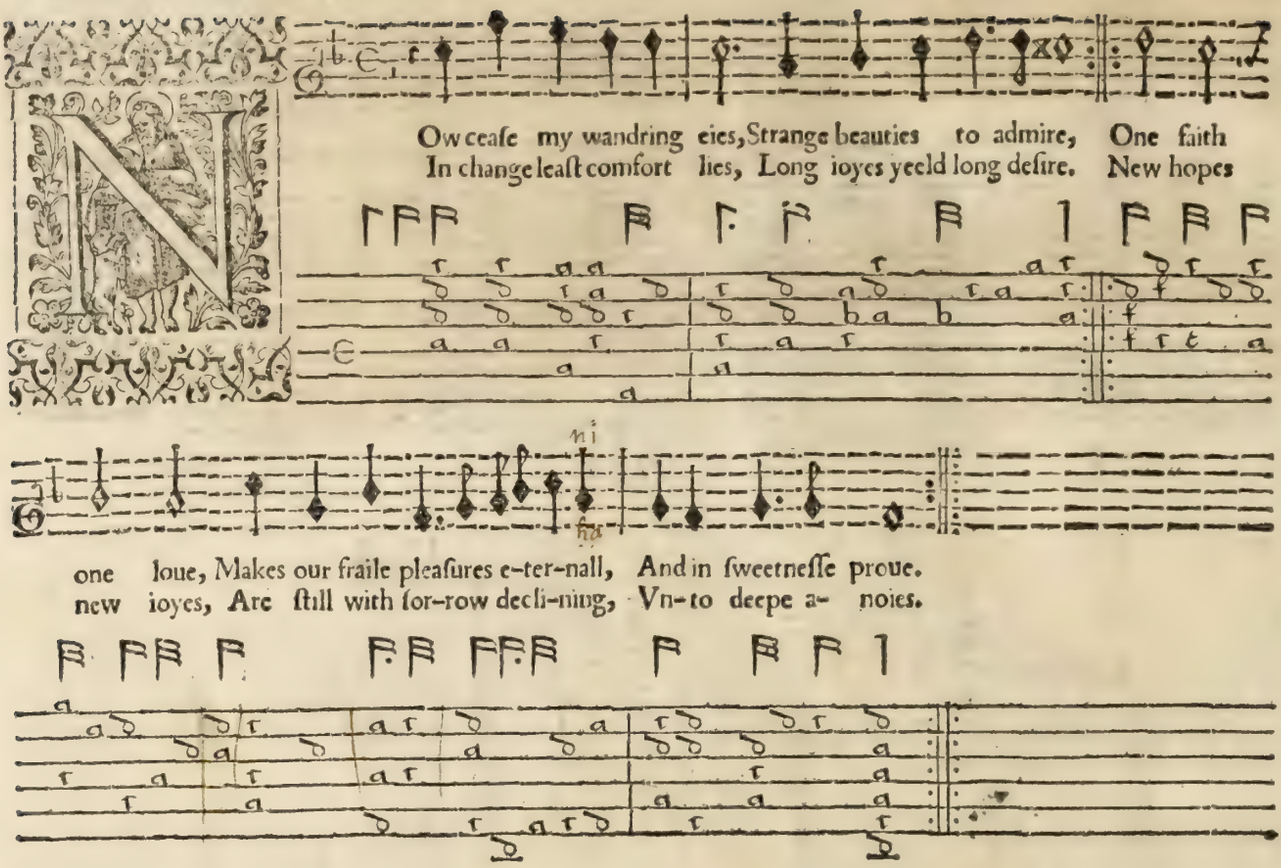
Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts againe,
My trifles come, as treaſures from my minde,
It is a precious Iewell to bee plaine,
Sometimes in ſhell th'orienſt pearles we finde,
Of others take a ſheafe, of mee a graine,
Of mee a graine,
Of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & gloues,
And diuers toies fitting a country faier,
But my hart where duety ſerues and loues,
Turtels & twins, courts brood, a heauenly paier,
Happy the hart that thincks of no remoues,
Of no remoues,
Of no remoues.


trash,the heart is true, ij. is true.
moue, I keep a fayer,but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberall of loue,though all my wares be
Ine knacks for Ladies,cheape, choice, braue and new, good peniworthes,but mony cannot
XII. ALTO.

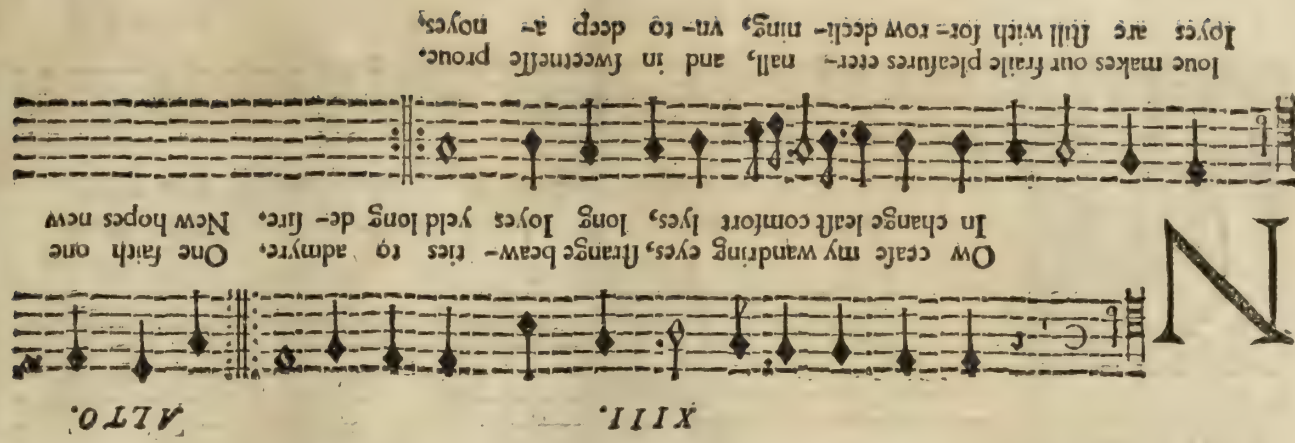

XII. BASSO.
Ine knacks for Ladies cheap, choise, braue and new, good peni-
worthes,but mony cannot moue,I keep a fayer,but for the fayer to view, a
begger may be liberall of loue: though all my wares be trash,the heart is true,is
true, the heart is true, ij. the heart is true.

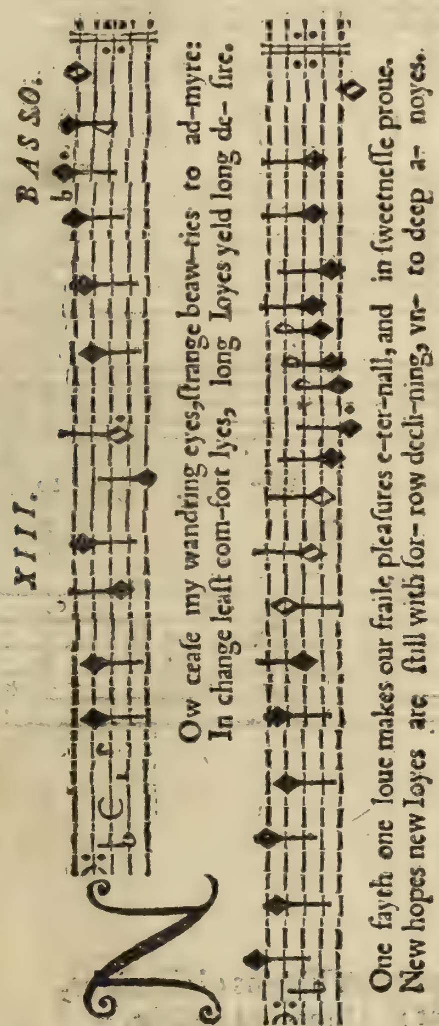

XII. TENORE.
Ine knacks for Ladies,cheap,choise,braue and new,good peniworthes but mony cannot moue,
I keepe a fayer but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberall of loue,though all my wares
be trash,the heart, the heart is true. ij. is true,the heart is true, the heart is true.

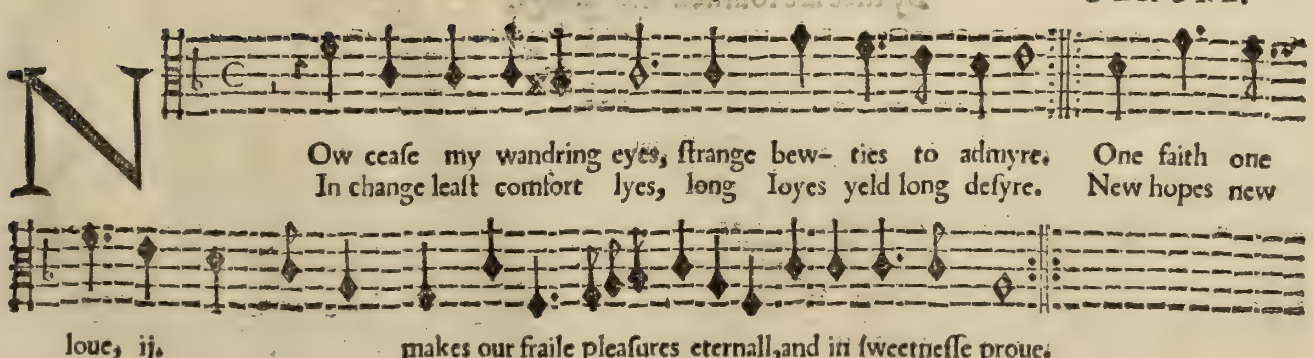


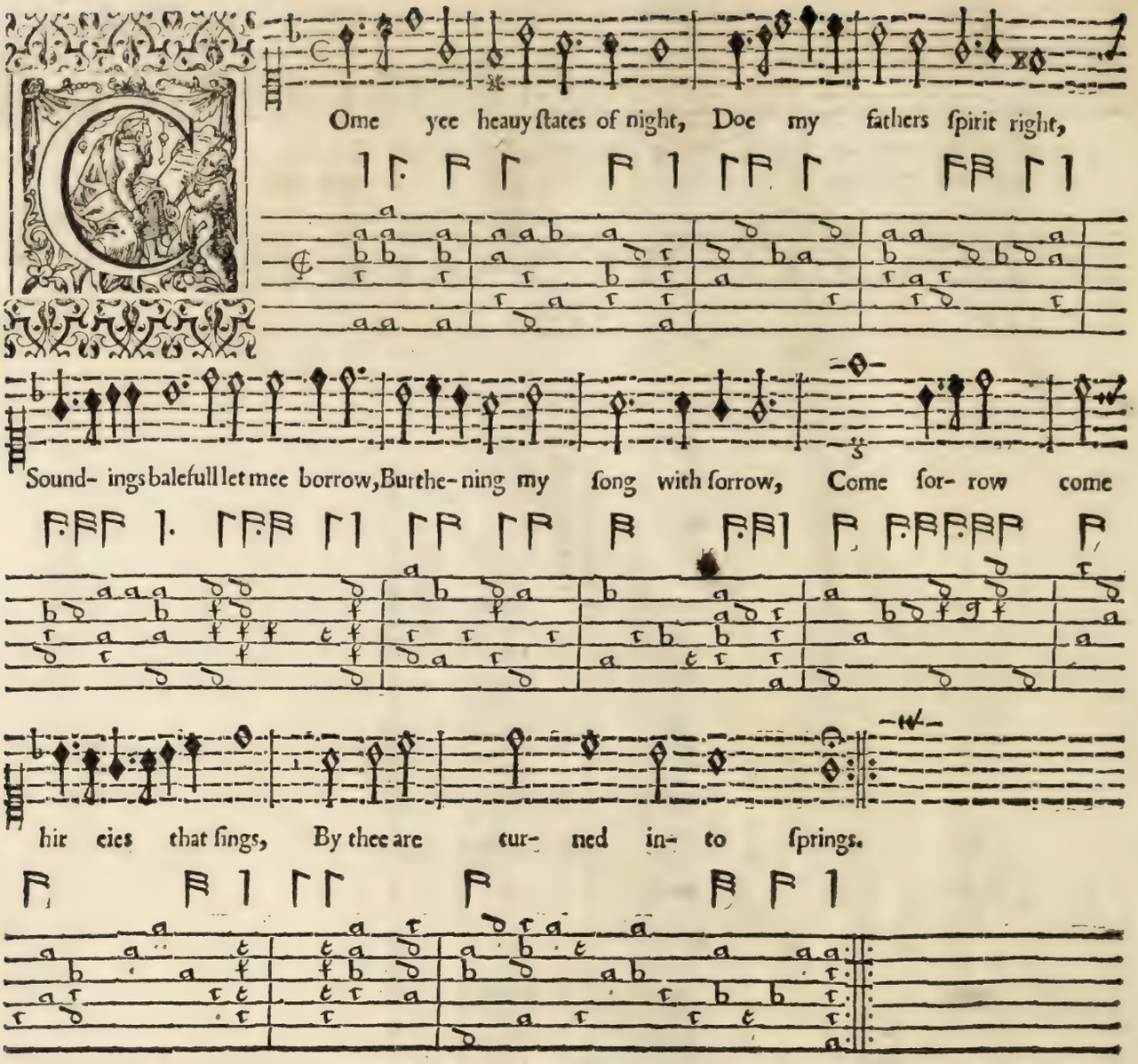
One man hath but one ſoule,
Which art cannot deuide,
If all one ſoule muſt loue,
Two loues moſt be denide,
One ſoule one loue,
By faith and merit vnited cannot remoue,
Diſtracted ſpirits,
Are euer changing & hapleſſe in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath giuen,
All beautie to impart,
Aſwell in earth as heauen,
But ſhe hath giuen one hart,
That though wee ſee,
Ten thouſand beauties yet in vs one ſhould be,
One ſtedfaſt loue,
Becauſe our harts ſtand fixt although our eies do (moue.

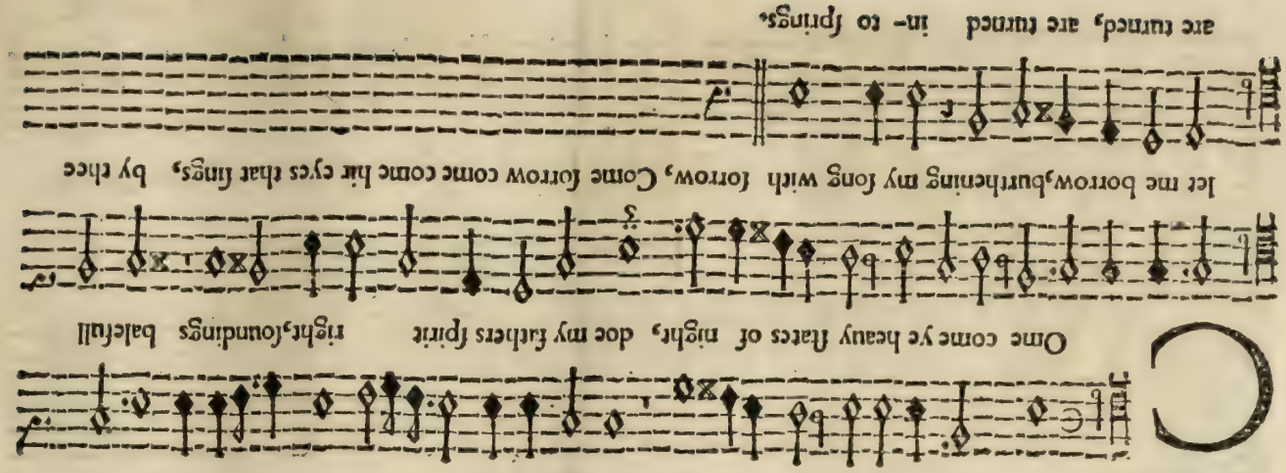

XIII. ALTO.
N
Ow ceaſe my wandring eyes, ſtrange beaw- ties to admyre. One faith one
In change leaſt comfort lyes, long Ioyes yeld long de- ſire. New hopes new
loue makes our fraile pleaſures eter- nall, and in ſweetneſſe proue.
Ioyes are ſtill with for- row decli- ning, vn- to deep a- noyes,

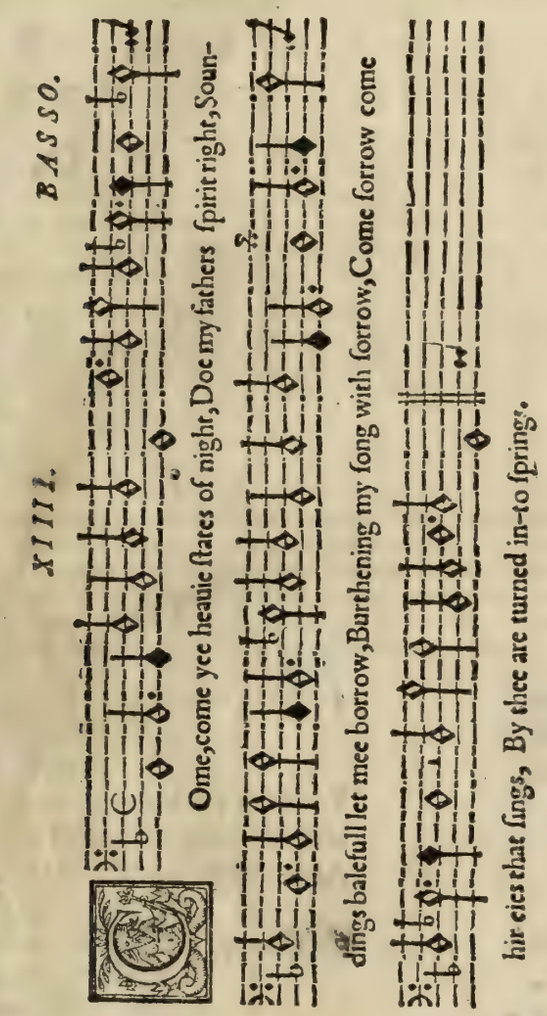

XIII. BASSO.
N
Ow ceaſe my wandring eyes, ſtrange beaw-ties to ad-myre:
In change leaſt com-fort lyes, long Loyes yeld long de- ſire.
One fayth one loue makes our fraile pleaſures e-ter-nall, and in ſweetneſſe proue.
New hopes new Loyes are ſtill with for- row decli-ning, vn- to deep a- noyes.

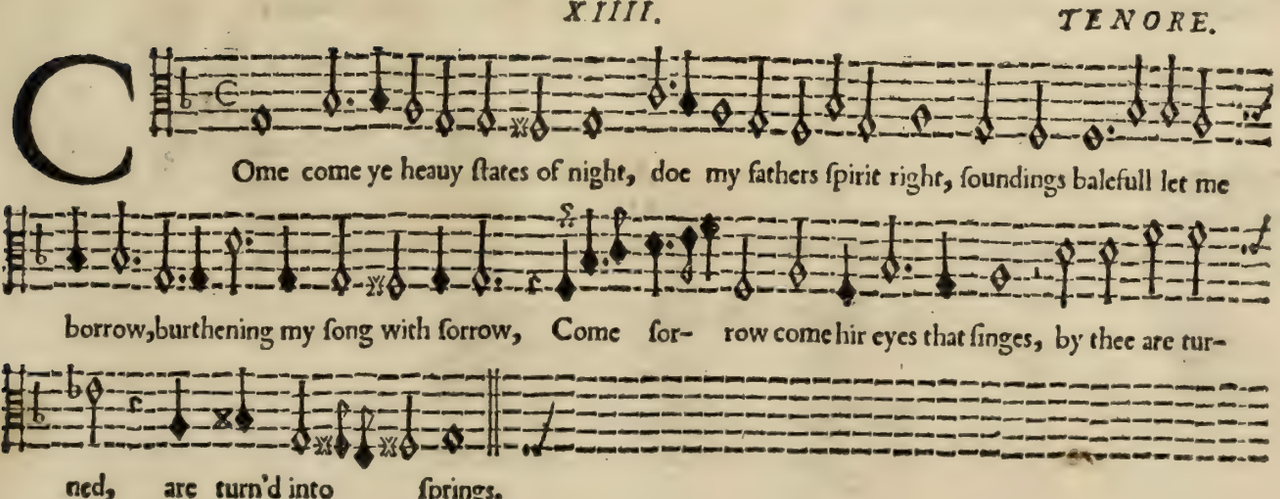

XIII. TENORE.
N
Ow ceaſe my wandring eyes, ſtrange bew- ties to admyre. One faith one
In change leaſt comfort lyes, long Ioyes yeld long deſyre. New hopes new
loue, ij. makes our fraile pleaſures eternall, and in ſweetneſſe proue.
Ioyes, ij. are ſtill with ſorrow declining, vn-to deep a- noyes.

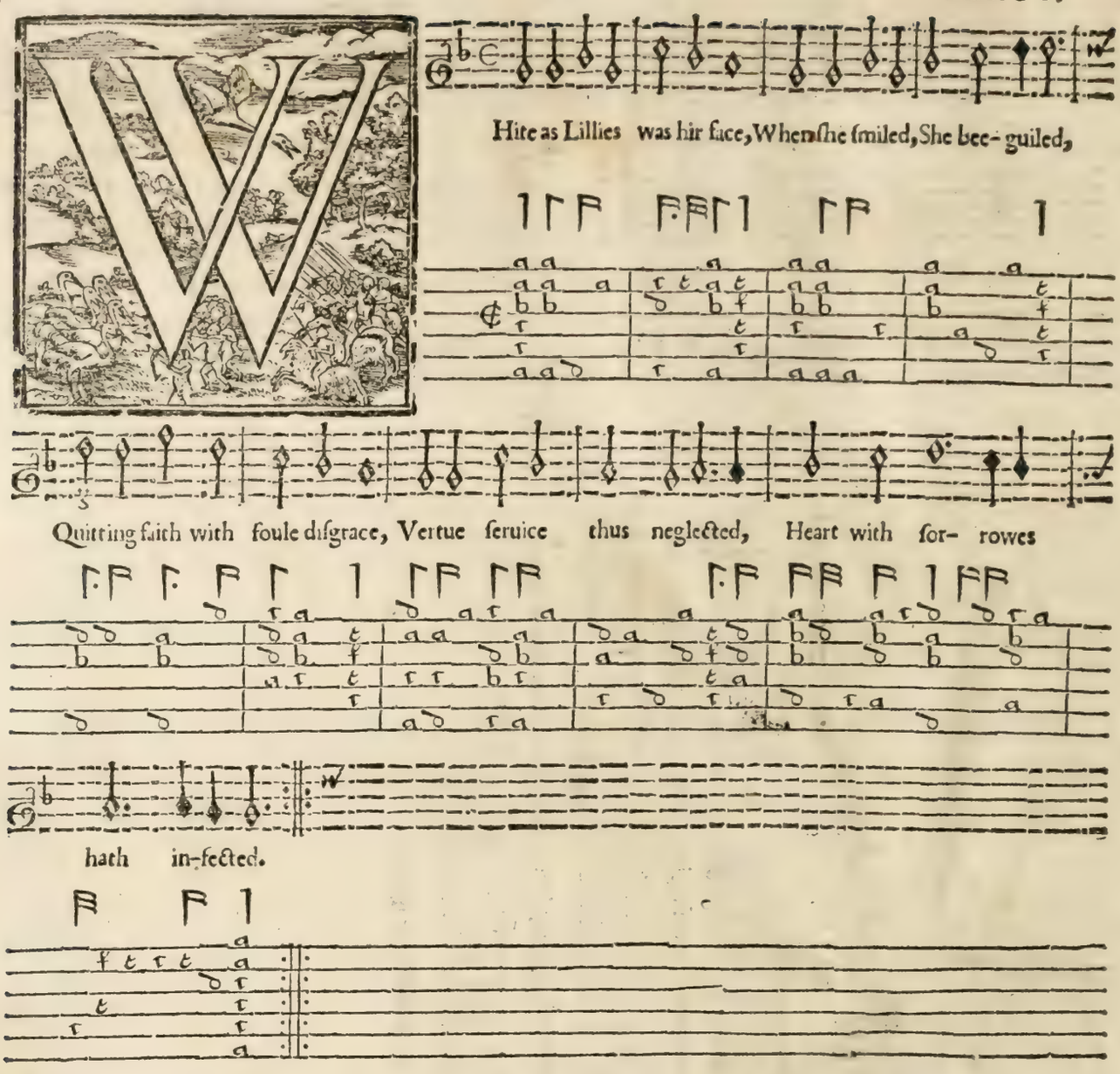


Come you Virgins of the night,
That in Dirges ſad delight,
Quier my Anthems, I doe borrow
Gold nor pearle, but ſounds of ſorrow:
Come ſorrow come hir eies that ſings,
By thee are tourned into ſprings.


are turned, are turned in- to springs.
let me borrow, burthening my song with sorrow, Come sorrow come come hir eyes that sings, by thee
Ome come ye heavy states of night, doe my fathers spirit right, soundings balefull
XIIII.
ALTO.


BASSO.
XIIII.
Ome, come yee heavie states of night, Doe my fathers spirit right, Soun-
dings balefull let mee borrow, Burthening my song with sorrow, Come sorrow come
hir eies that sings, By thee are turned in-to springs.


XIIII.
TENORE.
Ome come ye heauy states of night, doe my fathers spirit right, soundings balefull let me
borrow, burthening my song with sorrow, Come sor- row come hir eyes that singes, by thee are tur-
ned, are turn'd into springs.



2 When I swore my hart hir owne,
Shee disdained,
I complained,
Yet shee left mee ouerthrowen,
Careles of my bitter groning,
Ruthlesse bent to no relieuing.

3 Vowes and oaths and faith assured,
Constant euer,
Changing neuer,
Yet shee could not bee procured,
To beleeue my paines exceeding,
From hir scant neglect proceeding.

4 Oh that Loue should haue the art,
By surmises,
And disguises,
To destroy a faithfull hart,
Or that wanton looking women,
Should reward their friends as foemen.

5 All in vaine is Ladies loue,
Quickly choosed,
Shortly loosed,
For their pride is to remoue,
Out alas their looks first won vs,
And their pride hath straight vndone vs.

6 To thy selfe the sweetest faier,
Thou hast wounded,
And confounded,
Changles faith with foule dispaier,
And my seruice hath enuied,
And my succours hath denied.

7 By thine error thou hast lost,
Hart vnfained,
Truth vnstained,
And the swaine that loued most,
More assured in loue then many,
More dispised in loue then any,

8 For my hart though set at nought,
Since you will it,
Spoile and kill it,
I will neuer change my thoughts,
But grieue that beautie ere was borne.

XV. ALTO.

Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, She beguiled, Quitting faith with foule dis-

grace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with sorrowes hath in- fected.

XV. BASSO.

Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quit-

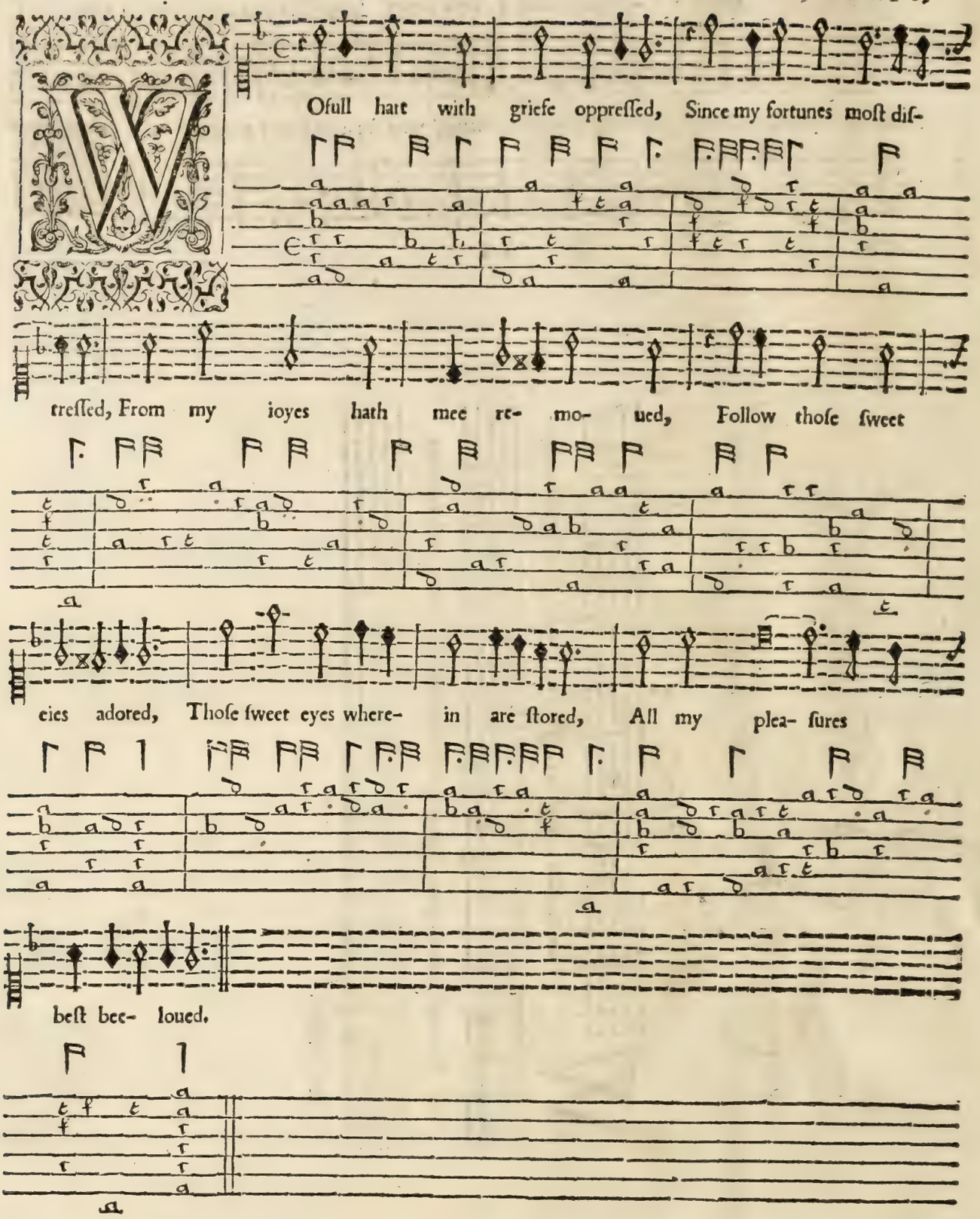
ting fath with foule disgrace, Vertue seruice thus neglected, Heart with sorrowes

hath infected.

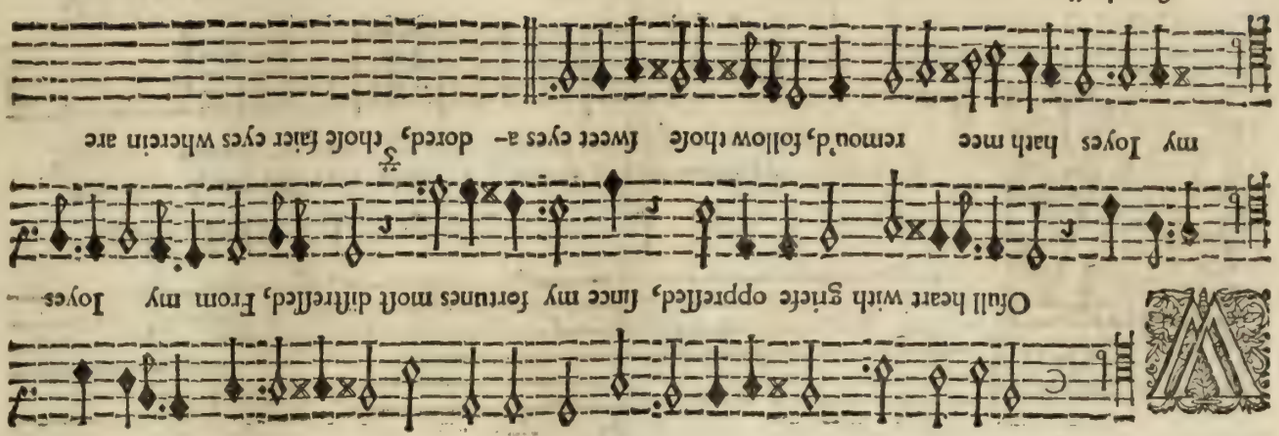
XV. TENORE.

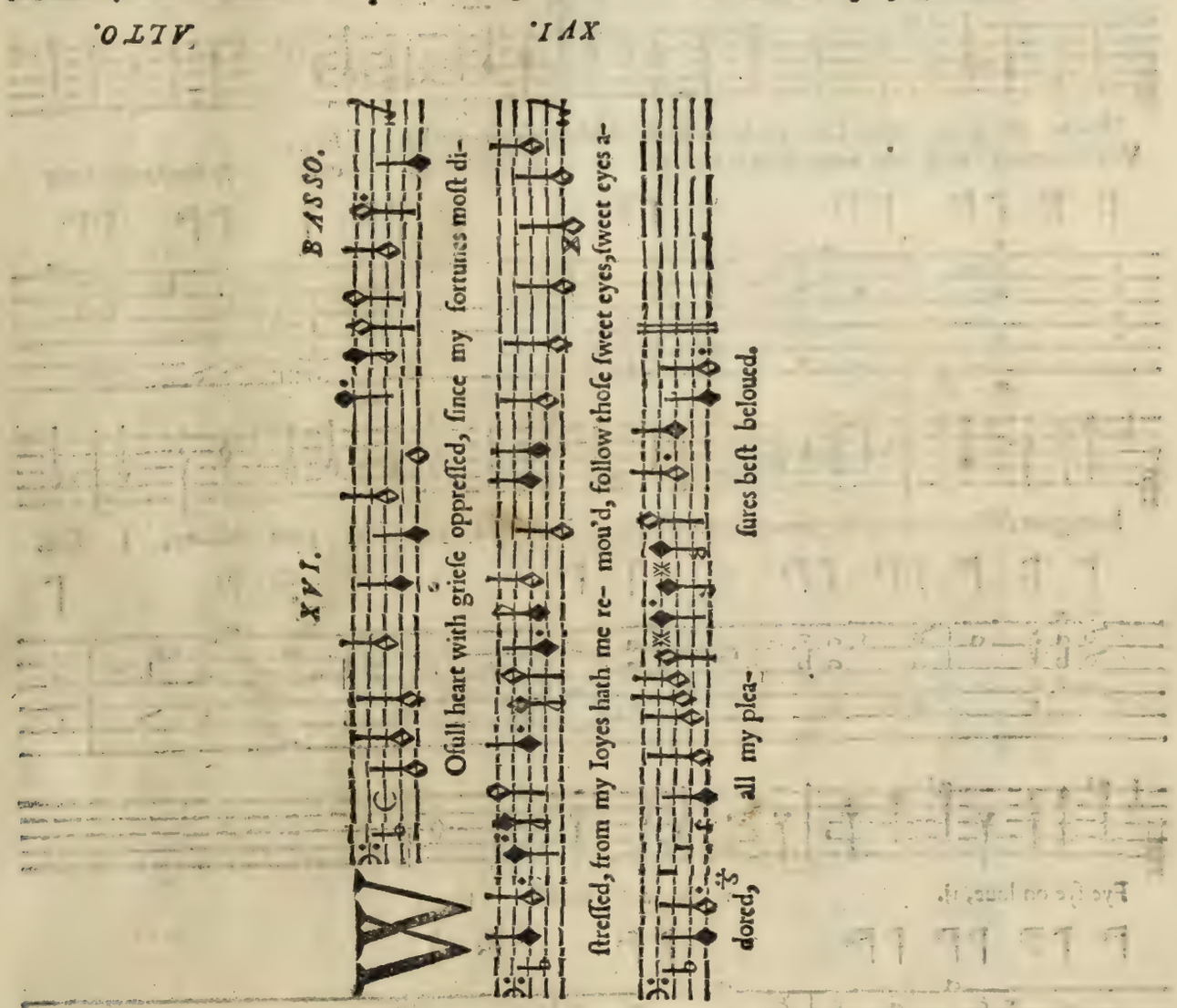
Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, She beguiled, Quitting faith with foule dis-

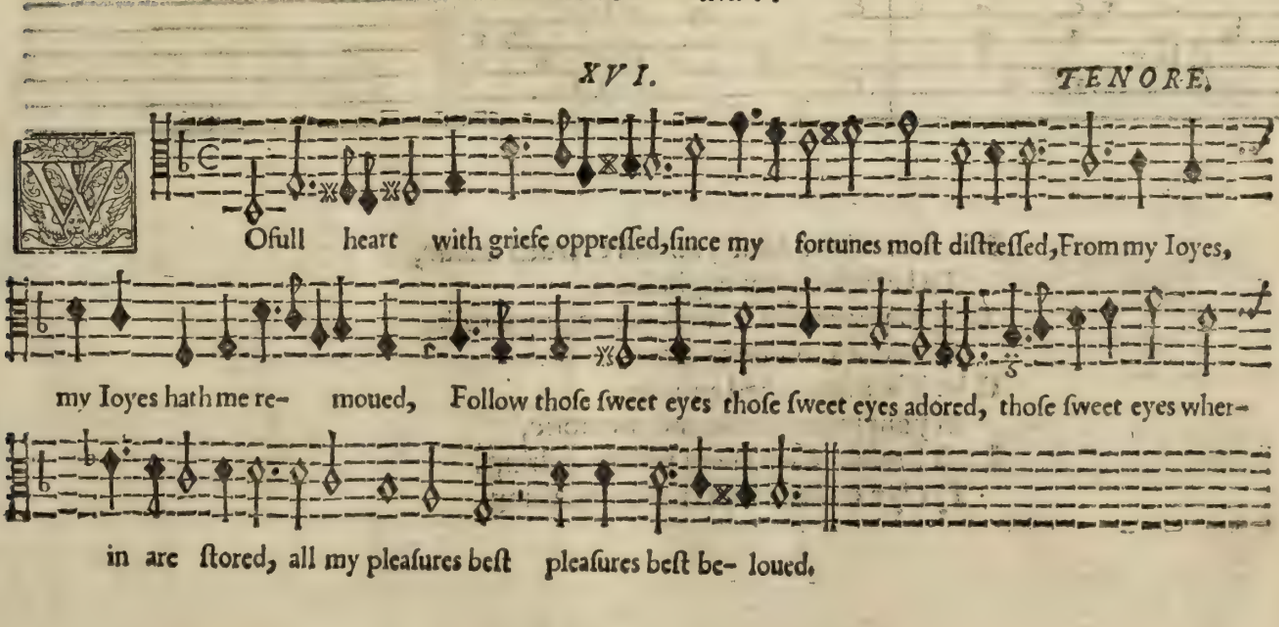
grace, Vertue seruice thus neg- lected, heart with sorrowes with sorrowes hath in- fected.

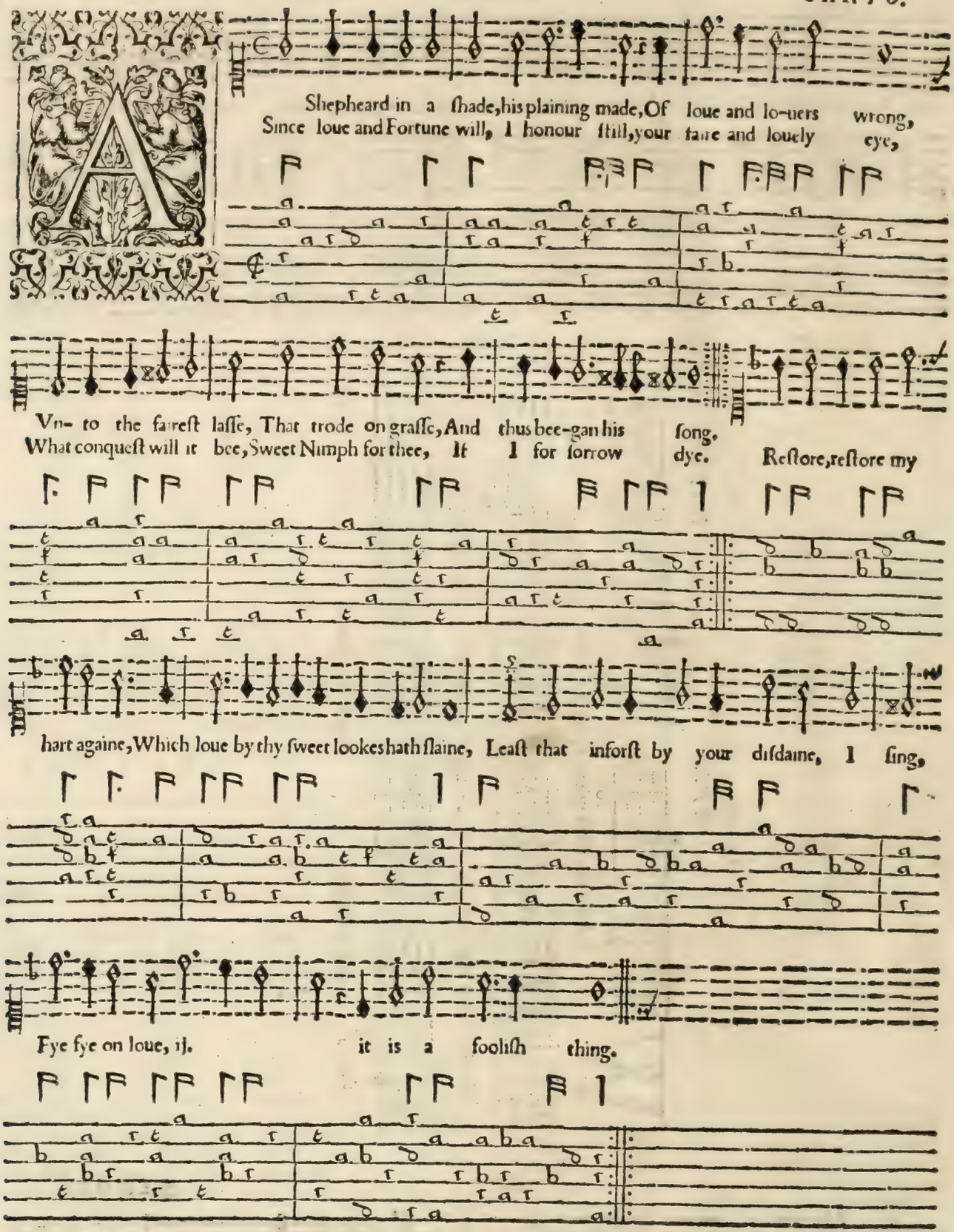


Fly my breaſt, leaue mee forſaken,
Wherein Griefe his ſeate hath taken,
All his arrowes through mee darting,
Thou maiſt liue by hir Sunne-ſhining,
I ſhall ſuffer no more pining,
By thy loſſe, then by hir parting.

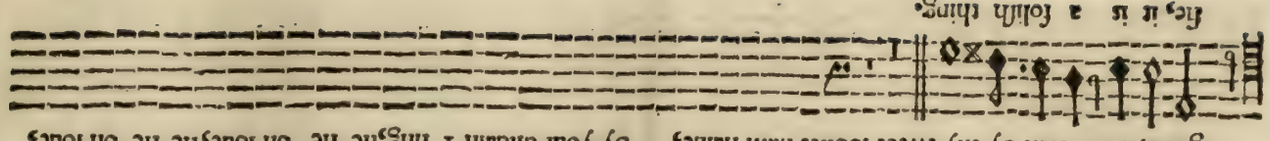

ALTO.
XVI.
Ofull heart with griefe oppreſſed, ſince my fortunes moſt diſtreſſed, From my Ioyes hath me remou'd, follow thoſe ſweet eyes, ſweet eyes adored, thoſe faier eyes wherein are ſtored, all my plea- ſures beſt beloued.


BASSO.
XVI.
Ofull heart with griefe oppreſſed, ſince my fortunes moſt diſtreſſed, from my Ioyes hath me re- mou'd, follow thoſe ſweet eyes, ſweet eyes adored, all my plea- ſures beſt beloued.

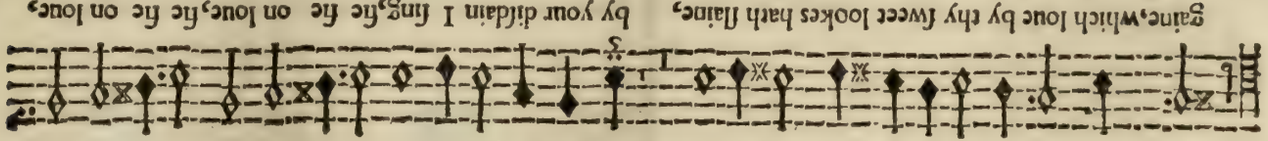

XVI.
TENORE.
Ofull heart with griefe oppreſſed, ſince my fortunes moſt diſtreſſed, From my Ioyes, my Ioyes hath me re- moued, Follow thoſe ſweet eyes thoſe ſweet eyes adored, thoſe ſweet eyes wher- in are ſtored, all my pleaſures beſt pleaſures beſt be- loued.



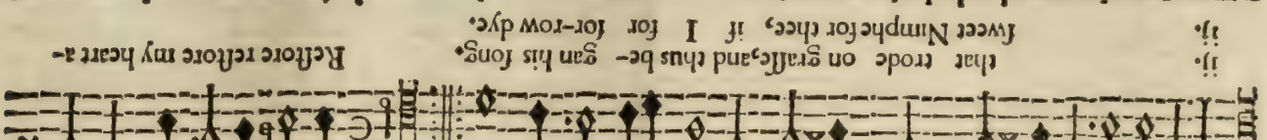
My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,
To kill when you might ſaue,
Why haue yee caſt it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tombe or graue.
O let it bee intombed and lye,
In your ſweet minde and memorie,
Leaſt I reſound on euery warbling ſtring,
Fye fye on loue that is a fooliſh thing.



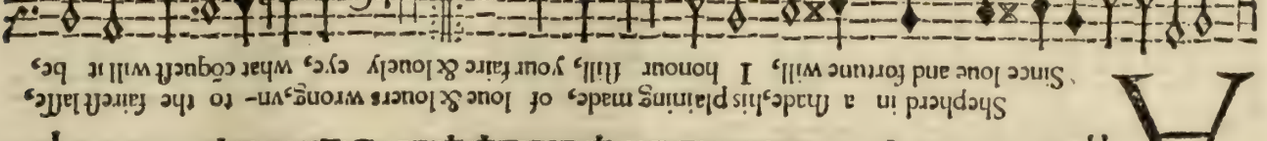
fie, it is a folish thing.



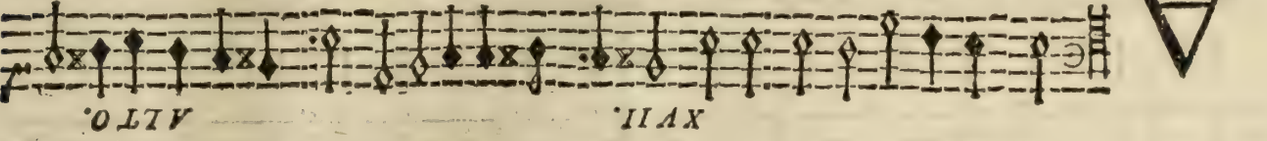
gaine, which loue by thy sweet looks hath slaine, by your disdain I sing, fie fie on loue, fie fie on loue,



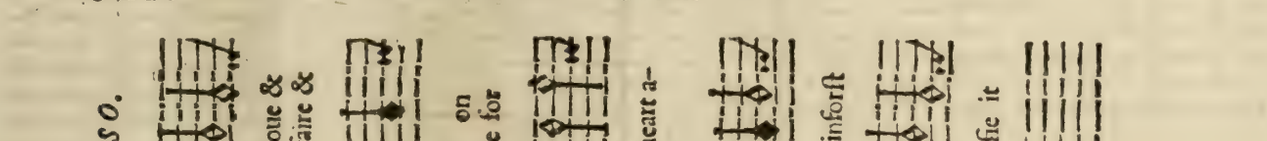
ij. that trode on grasse, and thus be- gan his song. Restore restore my heart a-
ij. sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for for-row dye.



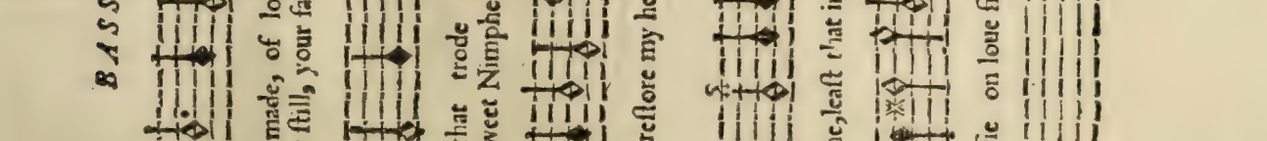
Since loue and fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & louely eye, what conquest will it be,



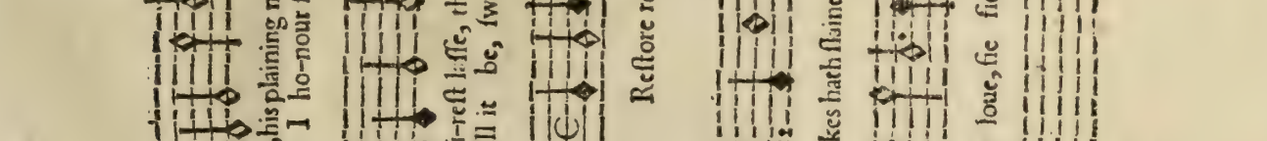
Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made, of loue & louers wrong, vn- to the fai-rest lasse,



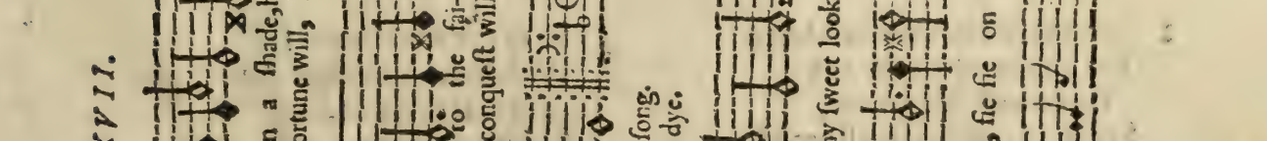
XVII. ALTO.



A Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made, of loue & louers wrong, vn- to the fairest lasse,



Since loue and fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & louely eye, what conquest will it be,



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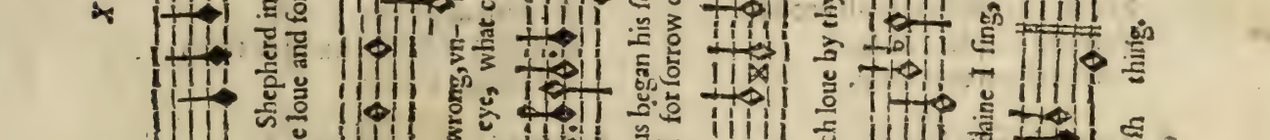
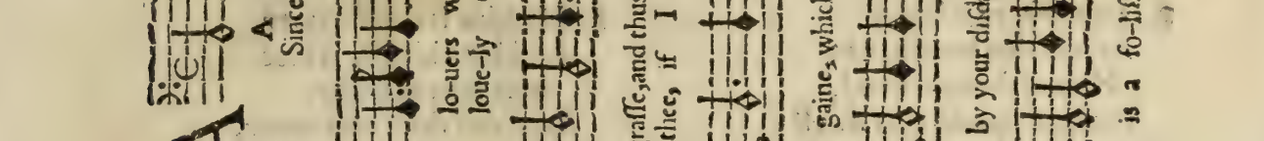
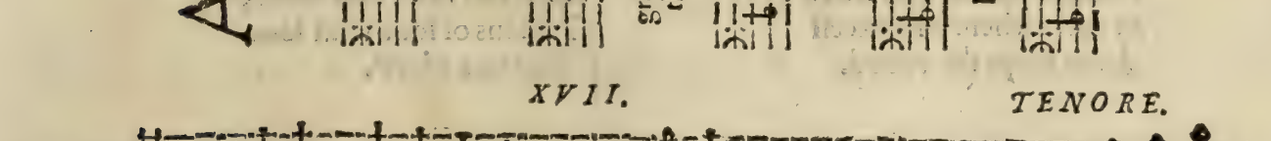
ij. sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for for-row dye.



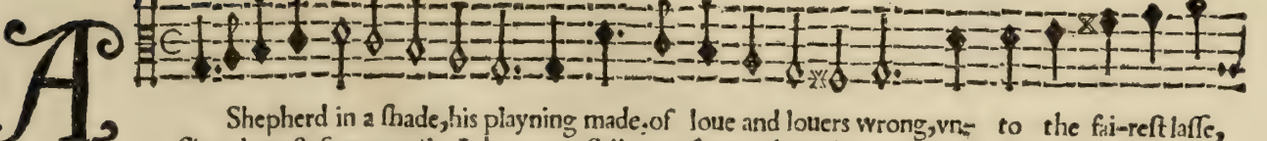
gaine, which loue by thy sweet looks hath slaine, by your disdaine I sing, fie fie on loue, fie fie on loue,



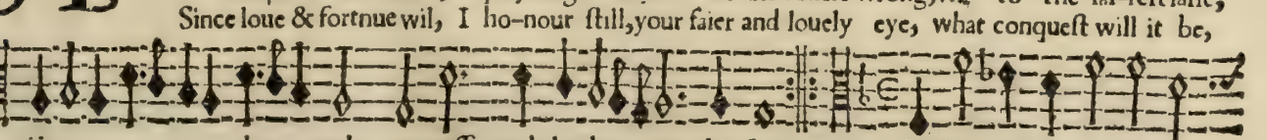
fie, it is a folish thing.



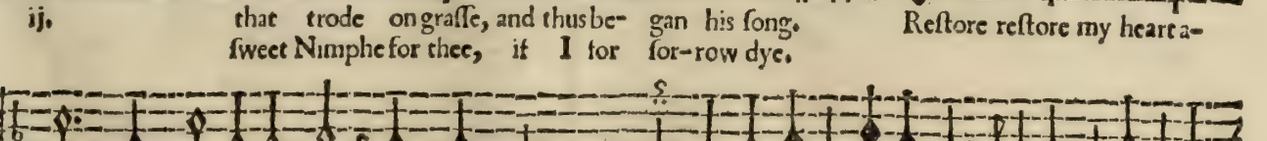
XVII. BASSO.



A Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made, of loue & louers wrong, vn- to the fai-rest lasse,



Since loue and fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire & louely eye, what conquest will it be,



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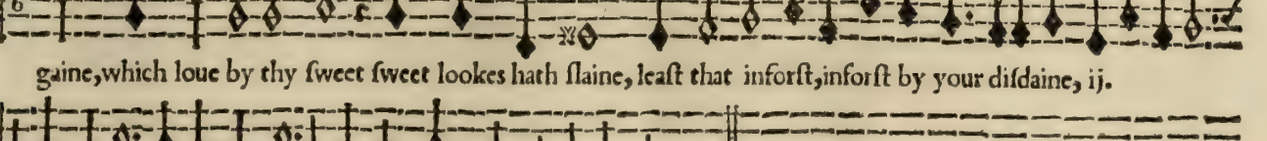
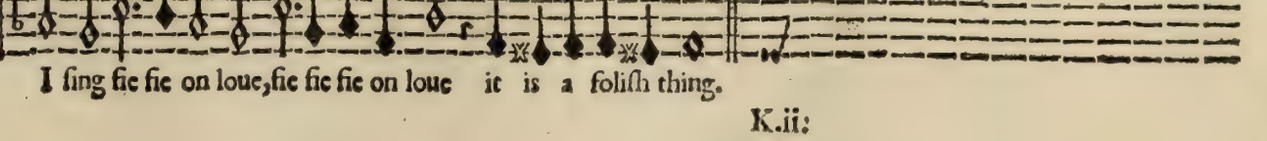
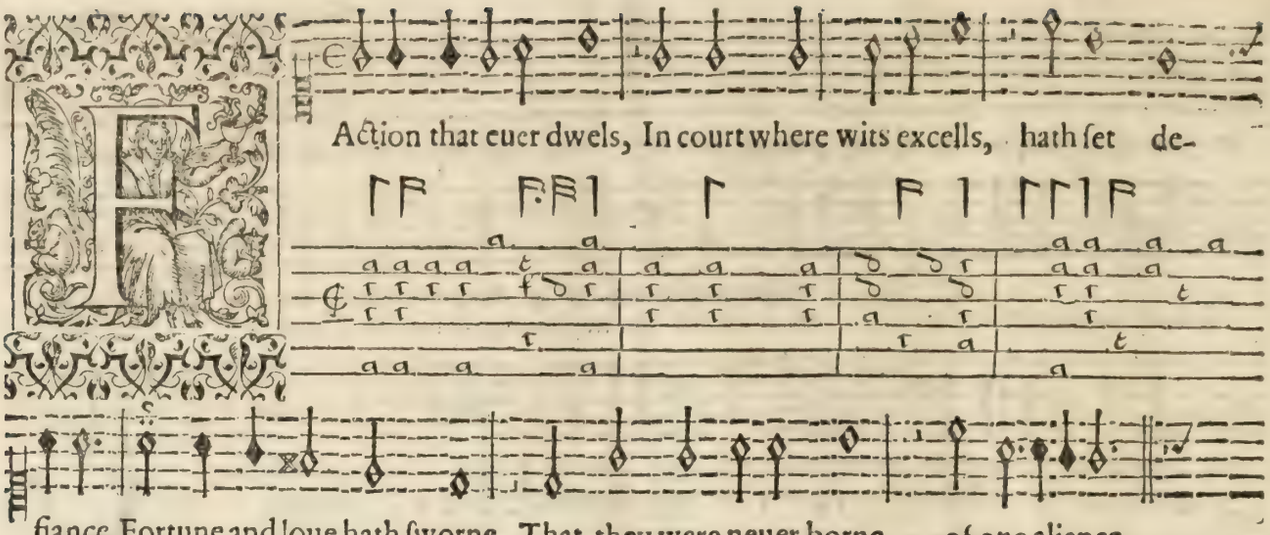
ij. sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for for-row dye.

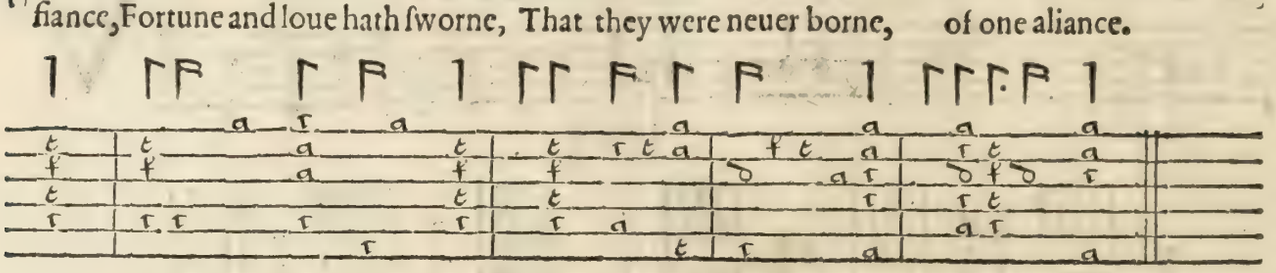


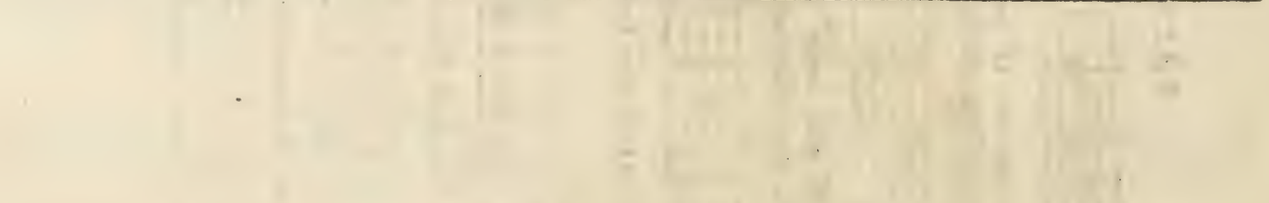
gaine, which loue by thy sweet looks hath slaine, by your disdaine I sing, fie fie on loue, fie fie on loue,



fie, it is a folish thing.







1 Fortune ſweares, weakeſt harts
The bookes of *Cupids* arts
Turne with hir wheele,
Sences themſelues ſhall proue
Venture hir place in loue
Aske them that feele.

2 This diſcord it beget
Atheiſt that honour not
Nature thought good,
Fortune ſhould euer dwell
In court where wits excell
Loue keepe the vvood.

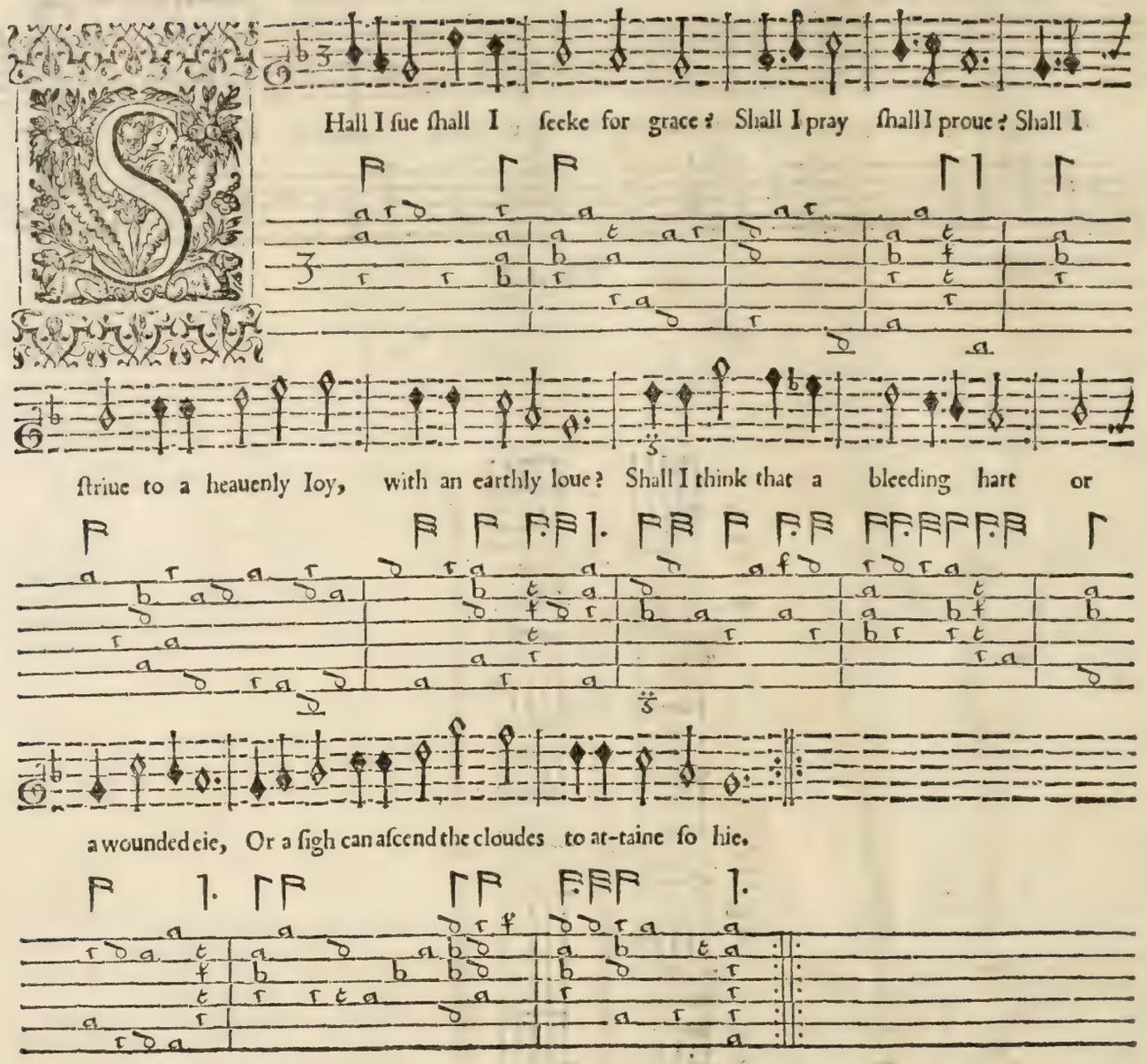
3 So to the wood vvent I
With loue to liue and die
Fortune forlorne,
Experience of my youth
Made mee thinke humble truth
In deſert borne.

4 My ſaint is deere to mee,
And Ione hir ſelfe is ſhee
Ione faier and true,
Ione that doth euer moue,
Paſſions of loue with loue
Fortune adiew.

XVIII. TENORE.

Action, that euer dwells, in Court where witts excells, hath set de-fiance: Fortune and

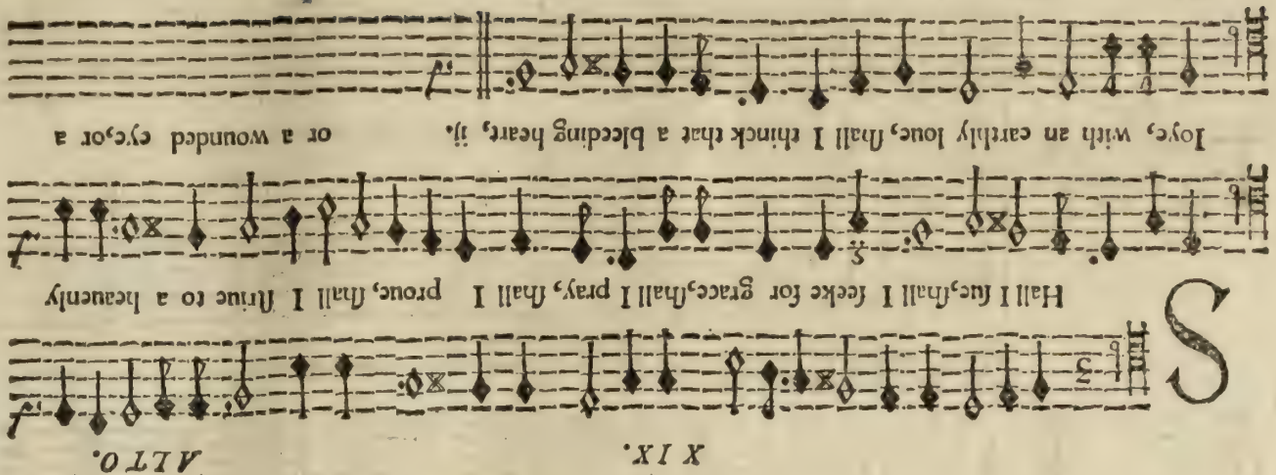
loue, hath sworne, that they were ne- uer borne, of one a- liance,

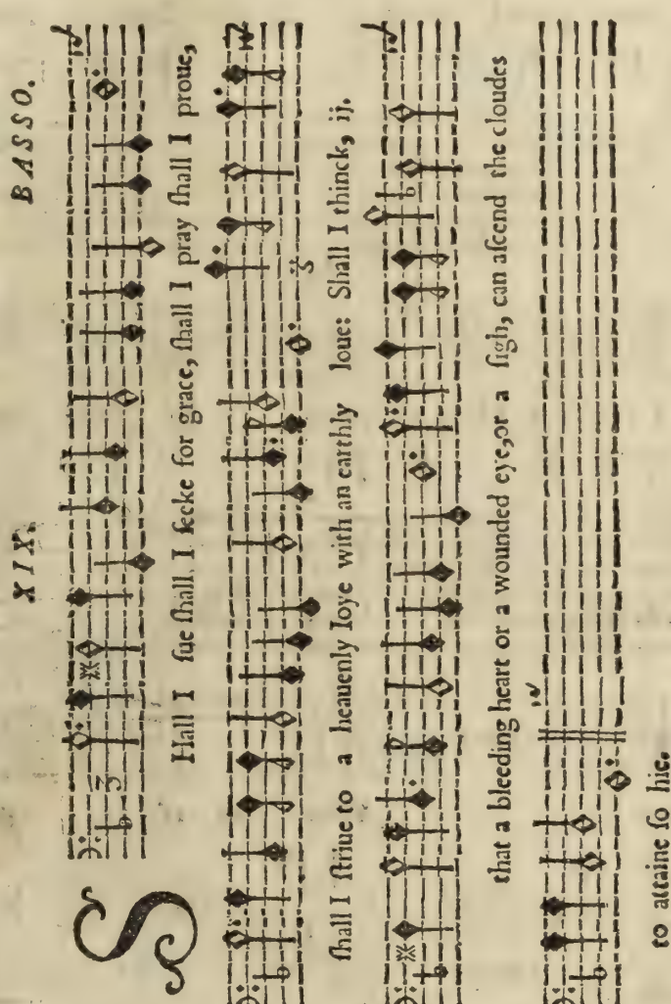


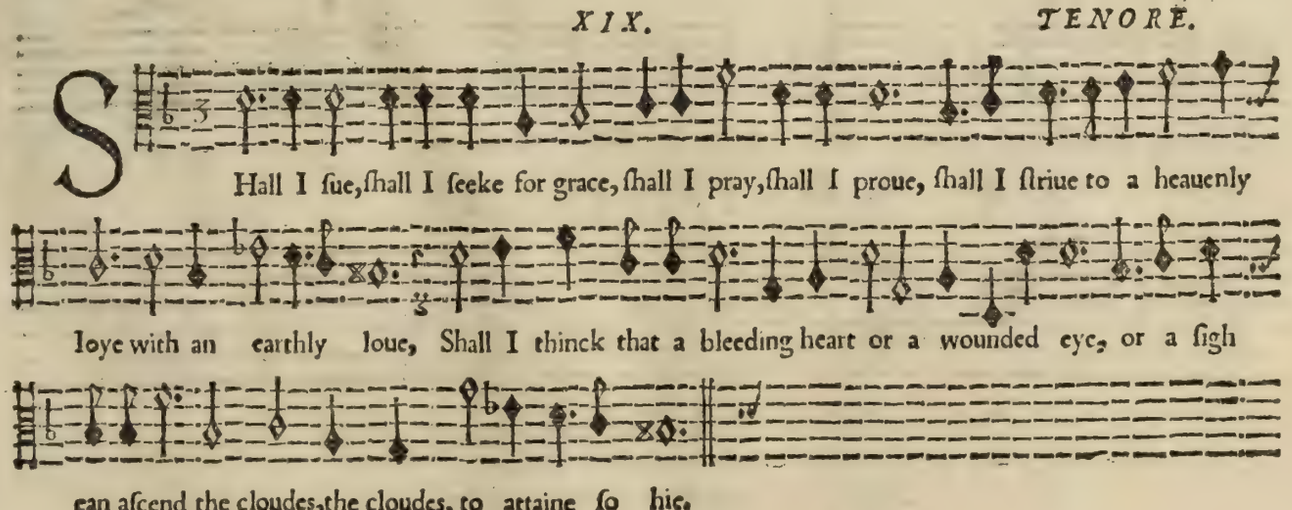
2 Silly wretch forsake these dreames,
of a vaine desire,
O bethinke what hie regard,
holy hopes doe require.
Fauour is as faire as things are,
treasure is not bought,
Fauour is not wonne with words,
nor the wish of a thought.

3 Pittie is but a poore defence,
for a dying hart,
Ladies eies respect no mone,
in a meane desert.
Shee is to worthie far,
for a worth so base,
Cruell and but iust is shee,
in my iust disgrace.

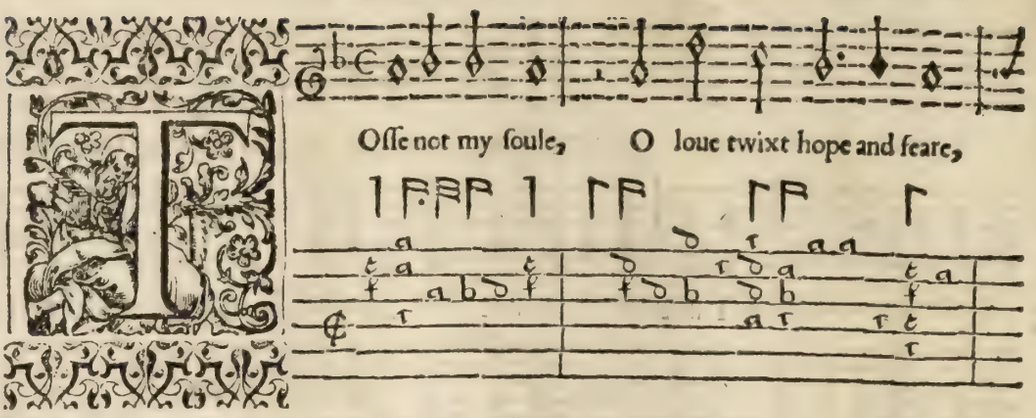
Iustice giues each man his owne,
though my loue bee iust,
Yet will not shee pittie my griefe,
therefore die I must,
Silly hart then yeeld to die,
perish in dispaire,
Witnesse yet how faine I die,
When I die for the faire.

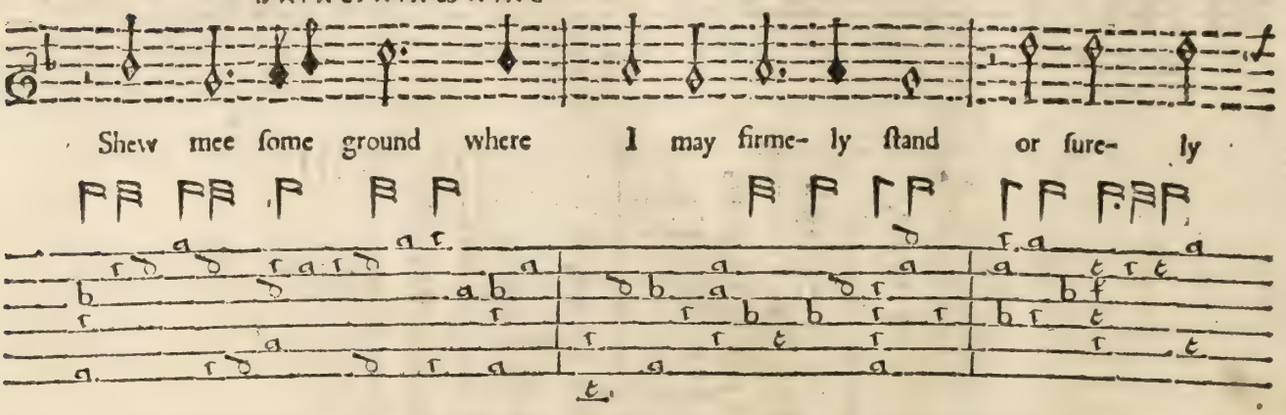

ALTO.
XIX.
Hall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue,
Ioye, with an earthly loue, shall I thinck that a bleeding heart, ii.
or a wounded eye, or a
sigh can ascend the cloudes, ascend the cloudes, to attaine to hie.

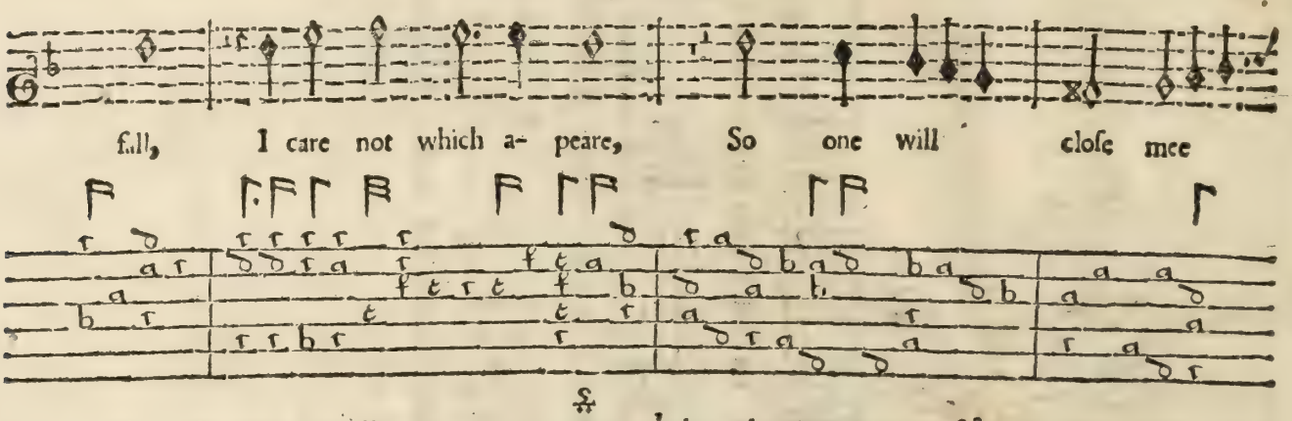

BASSO.
XIX.
Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray shall I proue,
shall I striue to a heauenly loye with an earthly loue: Shall I thinck, ii.
that a bleeding heart or a wounded eye, or a sigh, can ascend the cloudes
to attaine so hie.

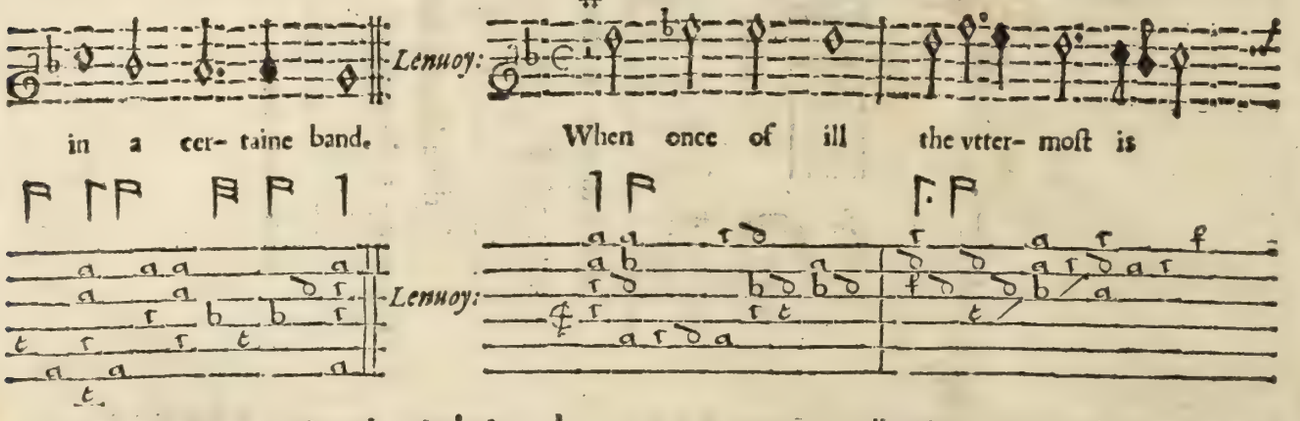

XIX.
TENORE.
Hall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue, shall I striue to a heauenly
loye with an earthly loue, Shall I thinck that a bleeding heart or a wounded eye, or a sigh
ean ascend the cloudes, the cloudes, to attaine so hie.

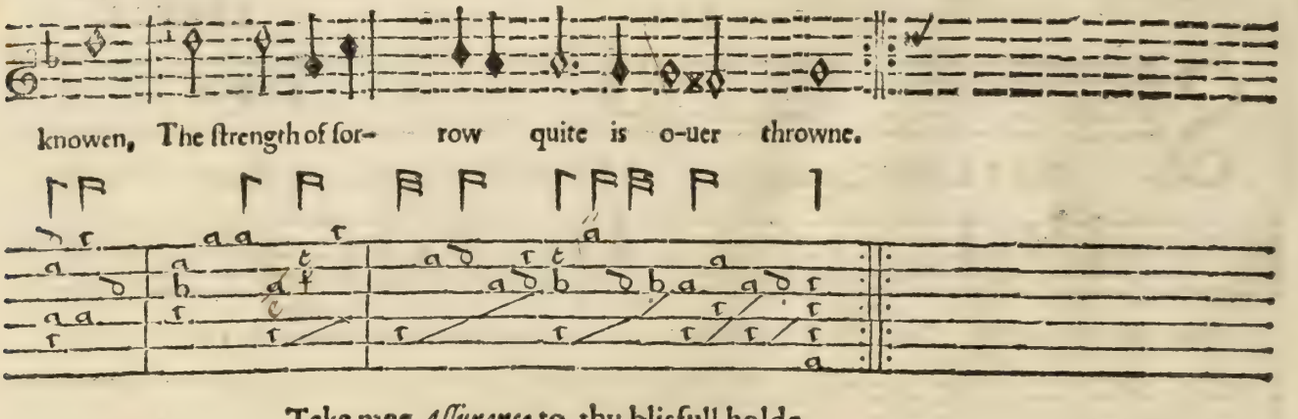
for Finding in fields: Fye ſhall finde a better dittie.

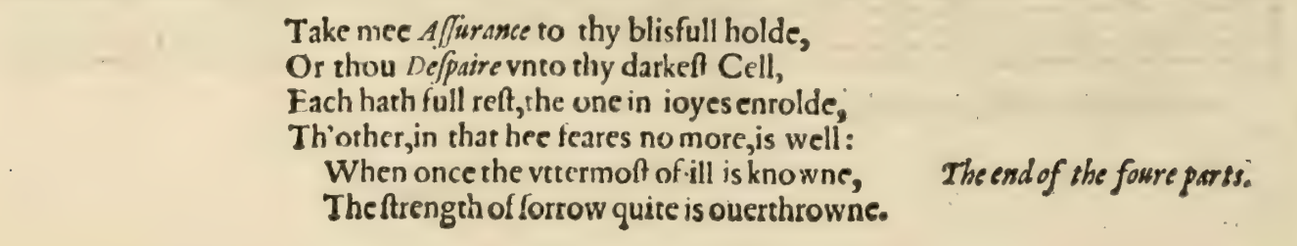












Take mee *Aſſurance* to thy blisfull holde,
Or thou *Deſpaire* vnto thy darkeſt Cell,
Each hath full reſt, the one in ioyes enrolde,
Th'other, in that hee feares no more, is well:
When once the vttermoſt of ill is knowne,
The ſtrength of ſorrow quite is ouerthrowne.

The end of the foure parts.

the ſtrength of ſorrow quite is ouerthrowne.

When once of ill, the vttermoſt is knowne, ij.

Lennoy:

I care not which apeare, ſo one will cloſe mee in a

ly ſtand, or ſurely fall, ij.

certaine band, in a certaine band.

Oſſe not my ſoule (O loue) twixt hope and feare, ſhew mee ſome ground wher I may firm-

ALTO.

XX.

BASSO.

XX.

Oſſe not my ſoule: Shew mee ſome ground where I may firmely ſtand, or

ſurely fall, ij. I care not which apeare, ſo one will cloſe, ij.

Lennoy:

will cloſe mee in a certaine band. When once of

ill the vttermoſt is knowne, the ſtrength of ſorrow quite is ouer throwne.

The end of the foure parts.

XX.

TENORE.

Oſſe not my ſoule, (O loue,) twixt hope & feare, ij. Shew mee ſome ground

where I may firmely ſtand or ſurely fall, or fall, or ſurely fall, I care not which apeare, ij.

Lennoy:

ſo one will cloſe, mee in a certaine band. When once of ill, the vtter-

moſt, when once of ill the vttermoſt is knowne, the ſtrength of ſorrow quite is ouer throwne.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring, Smoth or frowning so is hir

face to mee, Pleasd or smiling like milde May all flowring, When skies blew silke and me- dowes

carpets bee, Hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth, Who thought all

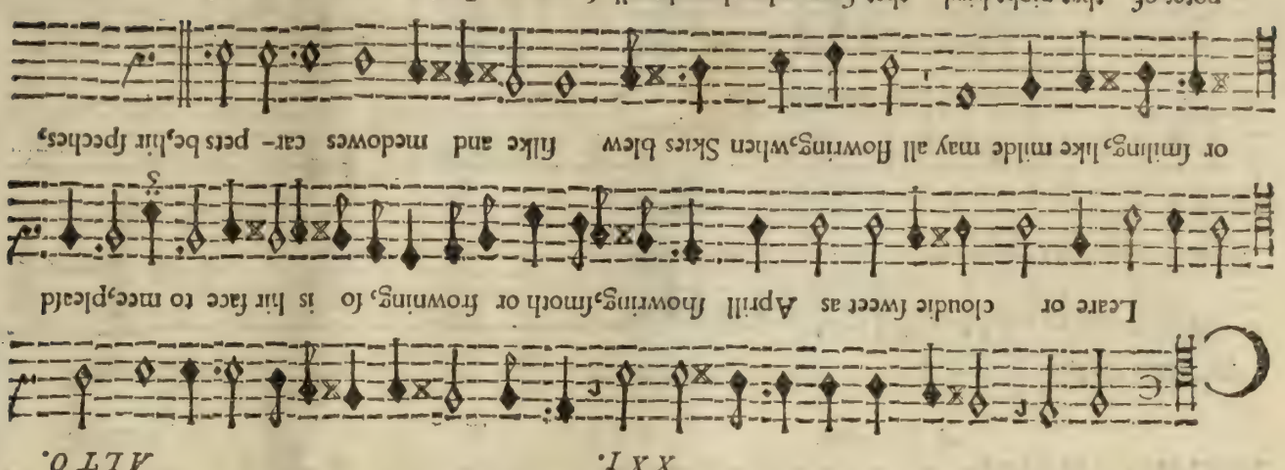
sweete yet larring notes out- ring- eth.

Hir grace like Iune, when earth and trees bee trimde,
In best attire of compleat beauties height,
Hir loue againe like sommers daies bee dimde,
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies.

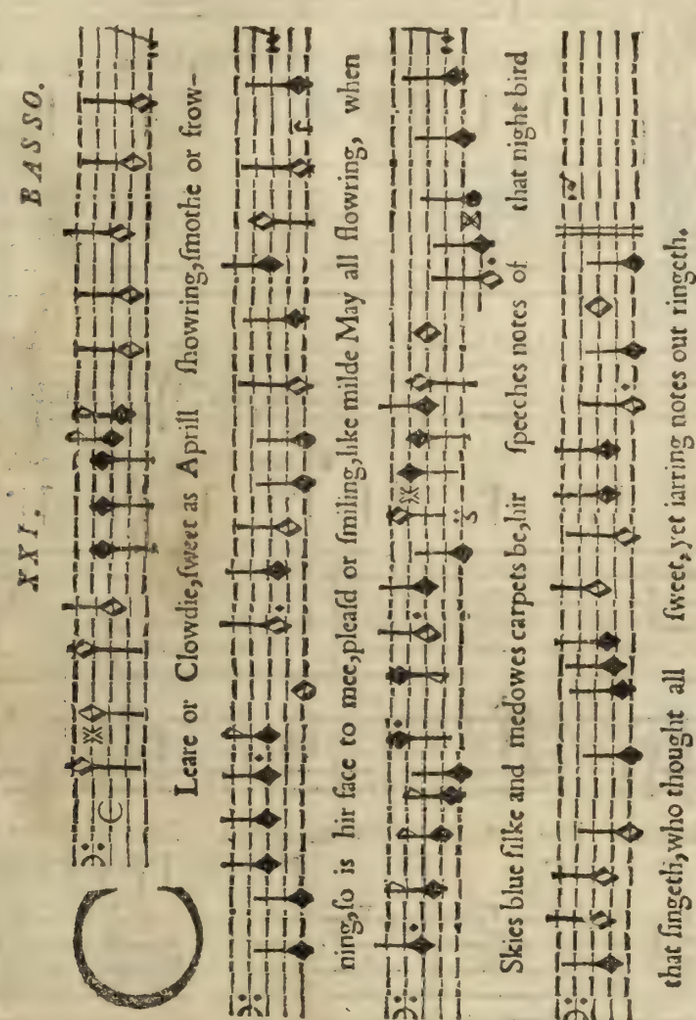
Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weedes as into hearbs and flowers,
And sees of seruice diuers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Raine on your hearbs and flowers that truely serue,
And let your weeds lack dew and duely sterue.

Leere or Cloudie: Of that night bird that singeth, Who thought all sweet,

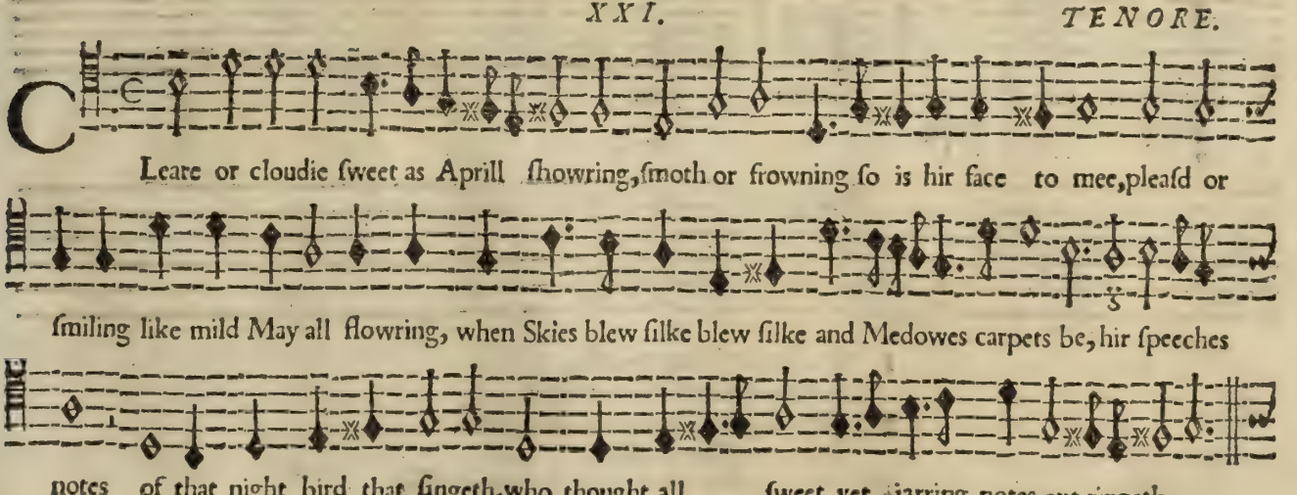
Yet iarring notes out ringeth.



ALTO. XXI.



XXI. TENORE.



H Vmor : Princes Chorus :

A Dialogue. XXII. CANTO.

Vmor say what mak'ſt thou heere, In the preſence of a Queene,

Thou art a heauy leaden moode,

Chorus:

But neuer Hu- mor yet was true, but that but that but that that that that that that

that which one-ly one-ly pleaſeth you.

1. O, I am as heauy as earth,
Say then who is Humor now.

1 Why then tis I am drownde in woe,
But neuer Humor, &c.

1 Mirth then is drownde in ſorrowes brim,
Oh, in ſorrow all things ſleepe.

1 In hir preſence all things ſmile,
Humor frolike then a while.
But neuer Humor, &c.

true, but that but that that that that that that that which only pleaseth you.

But neuer humor yet was

Chorus:

Vmor:

XXII. ALTO.

H

XXII. BASSO.

Vmor:

Princes hould conceit most

deere, all conceit in humor seene

Humor is inuencions foode:

Chorus:

but neuer humor yet was true, but that but that but that that

that that that that that which one- ly pleaseth you.

2 I am now inclind to mirth,
humor I as well as thou.
2 No no wit is cherisht so,
but neuer humor: &c.
3 No no foole the light's things swim
heauie things sinck to the deepe:
but neuer humor: &c.

XXII. TENORE.

H

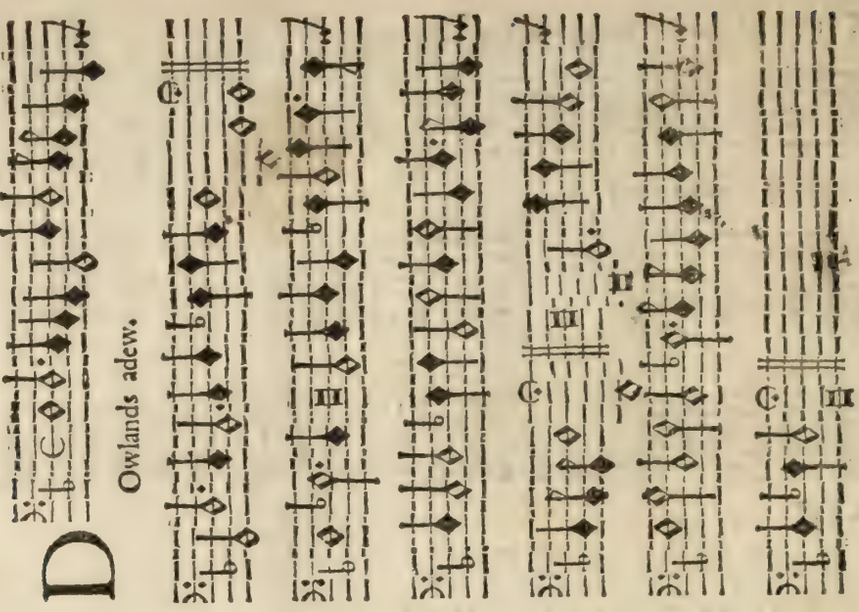
Vmor:

Chorus:

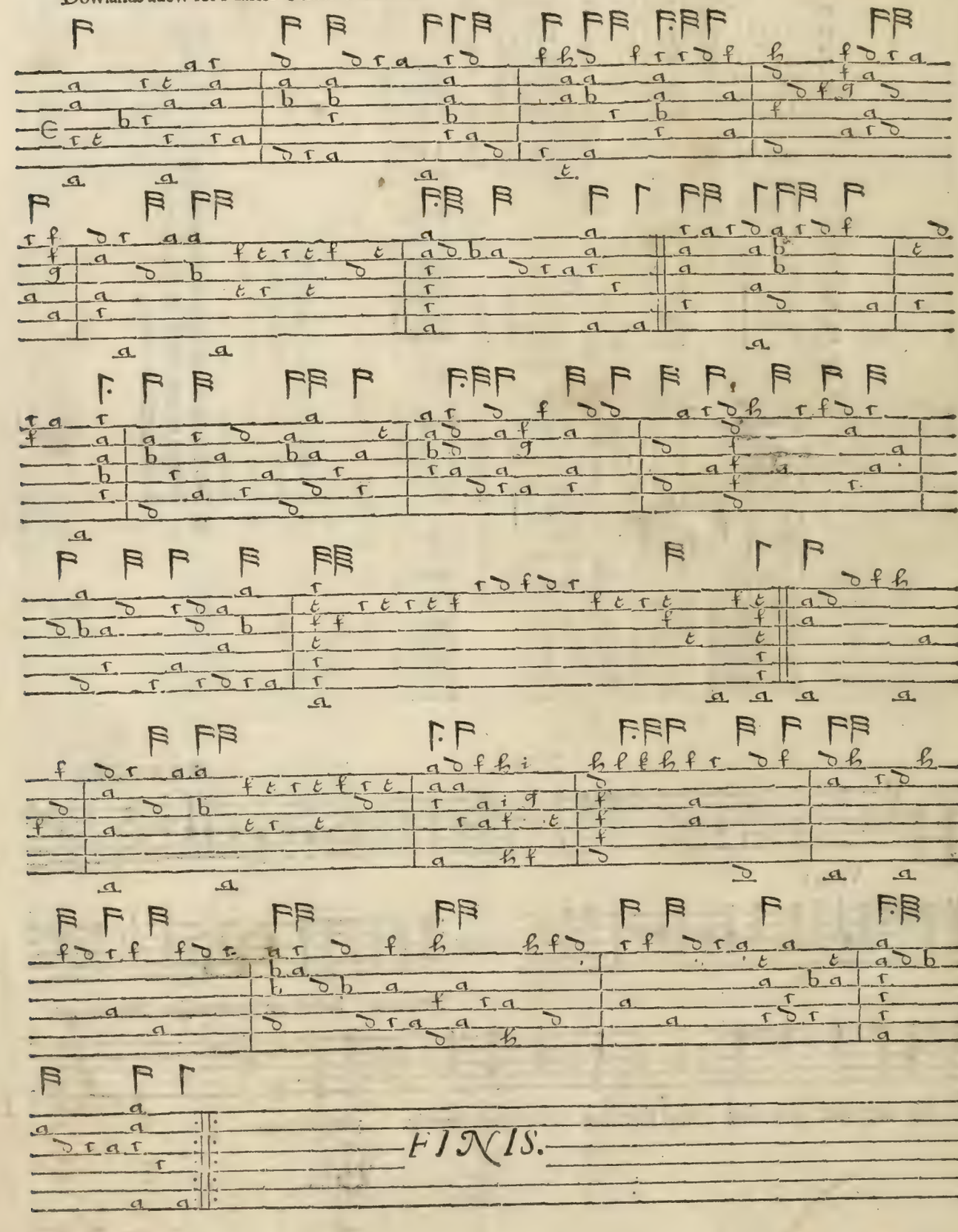
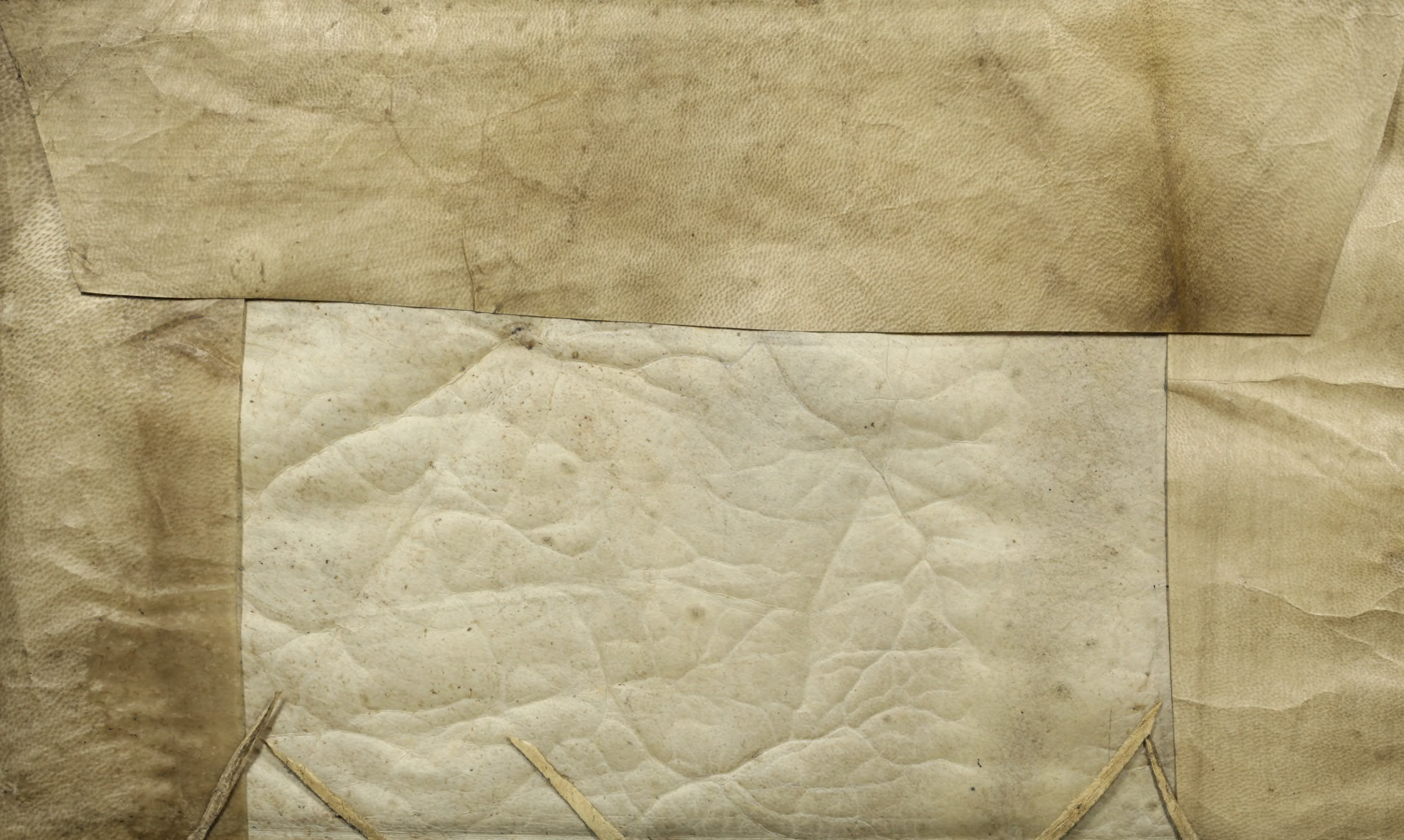
But neuer humor yet was true, but that but that

but that that that that that that that that which one-ly pleaseth you.

BASSO.



Owlands adew.

FINIS.

Dowlands adew for Master Oliuer Cromwell.